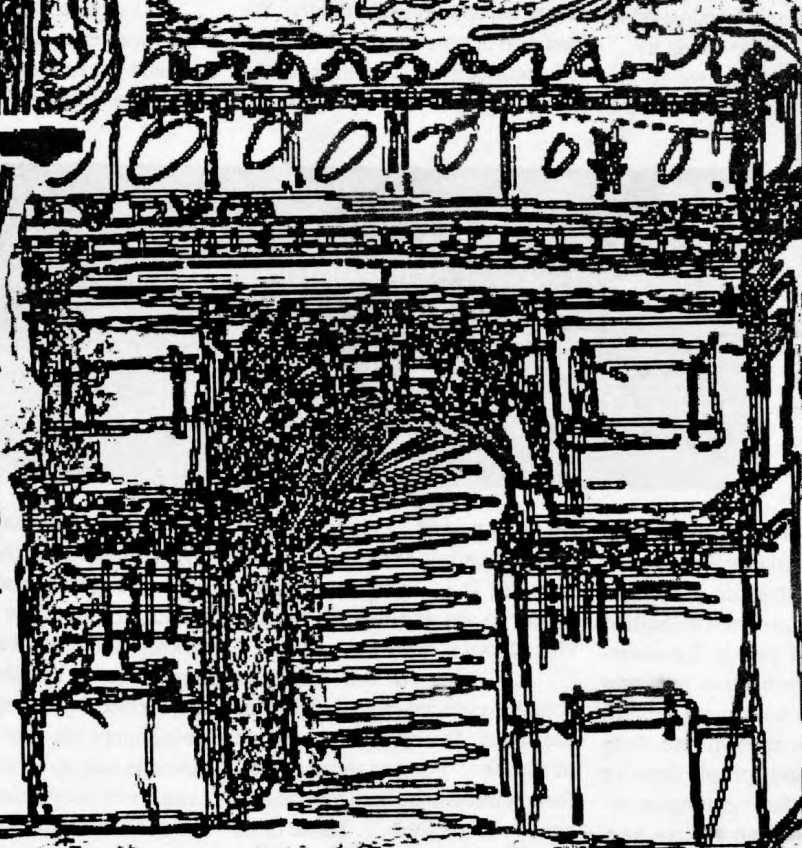


Savage



BY JASON ROHALY AND EMIL MASUNAGA

by Bruce Kaad

I have the feeling that many of us think that caring is something which comes to us from outside - something that is not within our control, and as a matter of fact is quite beyond it. We may feel that caring is a condition, how things are, and not something we choose. But we can indeed choose to care, and as the dictionary im-

As I have chosen to care and stuck it out through some tough times, I have learned that the choices we make about caring are habit-forming, whether we choose to say "Yes, I care," or "No, I don't care." Eventually we become caring people or we become apathetic and self-centered. (By the way, do you suppose that apathetic people are free from anxiety, suffering of

qu岸red to be here because it's the law, or their parents insist, etc. This makes it harder to want to choose to care. But beneath the level of requirement, which really only requires that we must be somewhere, we have all also chosen to be here, because we felt that this school offers us the best opportunity, given the available options. In having a choice, we are

comes from helping to do what may be the most difficult of all human accomplishments - to create a group that is really worth belonging to. Why is it most difficult? Because it can only work when all members of the group care enough about each other to care about the group itself. How often do we find that? It is so rare, and very rare things become very

For Those Who Care

plies, this can be a choice with some difficult attachments. Anxiety, suffering of mind, painstaking attention, grief. Who needs it?

The fact is that we all do, and the other fact is that we are the only ones that can provide it for each other. If you stop to think about it, the ones that we care most about are often the ones who have cared about us, even when we didn't necessarily deserve it.

These are people we can be truly thankful for. If you have had someone like this in your life, you might consider that you owe it to them to be that kind of person for someone else. If you have not, you might consider how much it might have helped. In my own case, there have been so many people there for me that I feel that I can never repay their caring no matter how hard I try or how long I live. They have helped me to care deeply, and I am grateful.

mind, and/or grief?)

We can choose to care about each other individually. We can also choose to care about each other collectively, by caring for the the groups and organizations that

fortunate. This should make caring easier.

For a second thing, the rewards we get as a result of caring for each other by caring for our school are definitely not immedi-

special.

We have the chance here every year, (and we have the chance in whatever group we are a part of) to earn that rare and special reward. But each and every one of us has to do his/her part. We have to pay "painstaking and watchful attention." We have to choose to care. Won't you all join me?

"The grateful person

doesn't measure service by the hour, because the grateful person is always in a state of giving. It begins with awareness. We respond lovingly to a child asking for our help. We give a friend a word of encouragement, or do an act of kindness for a stranger. And the greatest beneficiary of our caring is we. It is our own hearts that expand."

- Mary Manin Morrissey

Care: *vi* 1. to feel trouble or anxiety; 2. to feel interest or concern; 3. to have a liking or fondness for;

n 1. suffering of mind, grief; 2. a cause for anxiety; 3. painstaking or watchful attention; 4. regard coming from esteem

we are a part of. This is a higher form of caring about each other, because it is sometimes much harder to see and feel the results. Our school is such a situation.

Caring for our school is actually a special case of caring for each other. It is special for a couple of reasons. For one thing, we all feel required to be here for one reason . . . or another . . . Those of us who work here feel required to be here because we have to pay our living expenses. Students feel re-

ate. The rewards that I am talking about are not ones that are handed out, like good grades, compliments, or hugs. The rewards I am talking about are formed inside, not delivered by others, and they are formed by caring, and not by being cared for. Not only do these rewards take time to form, it may take even more time before we learn to recognize them. In the end, we might describe these rewards as a feeling of belonging, a feeling of esteem, a feeling that

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Spring 2000

GENERATION

by Emiko Masunaga

"All of us, at some moment, have had a vision of our existence as something unique, untransferable and very precious. This revelation takes place during adolescence. Self discovery is above all the realization that we are alone; it is the opening of an impalpable, transparent wall - that of our consciousness - between the world and ourselves." (Octavio Paz, Labyrinth of Solitude)

This article was written after I witnessed the May Day and follow-up Powells rallies. Though this is not a factual article meant only to give information, it is an accurate account of the events and general public opinion concerning the vast majority of young people attending these protests. The opinion voiced here is solely my own, this article is meant to be a coming of age, a slight peek into a vast world of politics and people. It is meant for those who would like to gain a better understanding of the general awe and feeling of coming together in a large group demonstrating for a cause they truly believe in. Within these words you will find my own belief as we step into the unknown and begin to question our lives, voices, and how they could greater impact that of society.

When our eyes are open and we step out into the world, wobbly at first, each step stronger. We are re-birthed into a lazy purple haze. Between puff clouds of marijuana and a dream-like buzz of alcohol, we see the contemporary past as nothing and the uncertain future as everything. It is our existence that astounds us, the cli-

matic orgasm of seeing something so real that you feel pleasure in just touching it. It is a peaceful truce within us; we are harmonious, at one, at the same time, with the blood flowing through our veins and the consciousness reaching out from our minds.

We feel invincible, godless and proud, we are without constrictions, and the rules we abide can no longer hinder our own precious being. We cannot be classified as America's youth, the term would be outdated and lacking recognition of our own intelligence. We are thoughtful intellectuals seeking experience at the edge of the mountain. We will not come down until our voice reaches the farthest of countries and the deafest of ears. Together we may form a generation, who am I to say? I refuse to call you brother and promise to keep in touch after high school, that is not the truth. It is the action that I seek; I spent too much of my high school career being rather than doing.

The end to my bitter diatribe, my pathetic loathing, to an alternative school that changed and developed in neither negative nor positive ways. The passing of which could not be helped. No matter how hard you try to hold back the tide of change, eventually you will swim or drown. By swimming you discover currents and rip tides, loopholes to a system that looks utterly damning. By drowning you sink like a stone, and never fully recover from your own petty inhibitions. So you stand naked, gaunt and teary eyed against an assemblage that you no longer recognize and which really disgusts



you. You watch with incredible horror, proud and unmoved, the corruption of democracy and the rise of capitalism into politics. It has always been that way. We would be ignorant, to say the least, not to realize the American government is progressive.

It is in this setting that the stage takes form and the actors begin to play. There is a May Day march in Portland, whose echo is heard round the world. The meaning remains elusive; slipping through our grasp allowing the cause to take whatever effect you wish it to in your mind. All at once America cries, and the "youth" raise their fists and cry with it. Anarchy, democracy, unity, call it whatever you wish, the words are not important, it is the meaning that matters. It is still our wet dream from the Vietnam War, our ultimate release. We are not dead; we are not Generation X, lazy with Game Boys in hand. We are passionate which extends to the very heart of the cause.

The issue is angst, it is not a phase in the history of America, and it has been happening from the beginning of time. We protest in optimism, in the idea of a better world for ourselves and maybe later on down the line our children. We support the ideals of anyone courageous enough to stand before a capitalistic chain and shout their denial of support. The power is in the people. We're not puppets of Rage Against the Machine; we do not listen and then shout the words back repetitively. We are not helpless minions, underestimated by the press and media. We will not go away. We will not conform to a title, be it liberal, socialist, or republican.

I refuse to look into the eyes of my impending voter status and be bullied by it. I refuse to look into the eyes of America and be intimidated by its imposing stature. I will not be satisfied and placated by textbooks and teachers any longer. I will question every movement and sound in this world. I will be better for it. I will seek knowledge through my own experience and belie the common misjudgments placed upon my peers.

We will form tomorrow's America through our will and perseverance. We will set the precedent for a better country through voice and protest.



A Grotesque LOOK

by Brady Colburn

Recently, I've noticed that the rock and roll scene of A.C.H.S. has gone underground. The purpose of this article is to introduce the new school year to the white hot flame that is our own Rock and Roll High School.

It all probably started the year of 1996 when a new generation of kids entered the doors of a strange place they called "C.E. Mason," bringing with them a thick cloud of muffled headphone buzz consisting of Punk Rock, Death Metal, Grunge, Garage Rock, and random bands who dress funny on stage. As the years progressed they formed many groups. Some lasted, some were just last minute creations to preform for band nights. These groups included Trigger Skwish, Nazari, Forgotten Dialect, The Regiments, The Ryan Commandich Experience, The Vogons, The Novelty Crew Experience, Peep Show, Sons Of Sam, Suburban Roots, The Goons Of Destruction, The Iguanas, The Knockdowns, and The Dolomites. Some were good, some sucked, some were good and then sucked, but all together it all pretty much sucked. The biggest groups probably were the best just because they never had anything else to do but be in a band so they just stayed

together for a long time. Take The Iguanas for instance.

"The Iguanas should have quit a long time ago," says former guitarist Terry Six. "Or at least before I got in the band, but if they did that, I wouldn't have gotten to play with the Queers." After one break up due to personal drama between original band members, Mr. Joe Queer himself sent a letter saying he wanted The Iguanas to play with them on an upcoming show with The Mr. T Experience and The Parasites. This caused the band to get back together under the one condition that Terry Six would be the new guitarist. Terry was the only member that no one in the band wanted to kill so he kept the peace for a while. This resulted in some good shows but it all just blew up and disappeared in their finally show with The Sloppy Secondos.

Another band, perhaps a little more humorous, would be The Regiments. The Regiments were more like an intense, warped sense of reality, along the lines of MxPx and Lagwagon. Formed from a junior high Cranberries cover band, this was a band of bad haircuts, acne, and numerous

continued on page

What do you think about The Regiments?

"The Regiments are an absolute joke. I don't understand how they even get shows."

--Brady Colburn

"Great band to be in, if you want stupid chicks!"

--Richard Lucas

Former Regiments ...

Name: Richard Lucas

Regiment #: RGMT1DRM

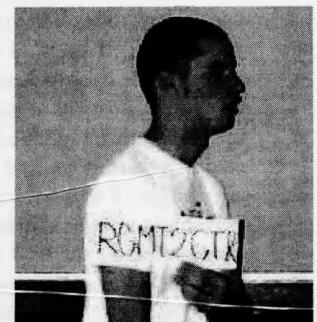
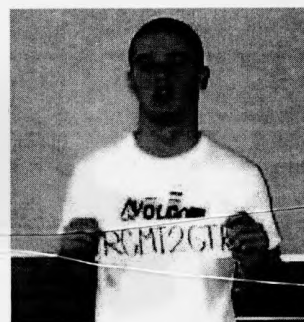
Crime: Using the same boring skate rock drum fills on every song.



Name: Brady Colburn

Regiment #: RGMT2GTR

Crime: Being blindly recruited into high school band of mockery.



Other Bands From Arts and Communication History:

Trigger Skwish: Ryan Dicker, Dave Wipple, and some fat kid who plays the drums, sounding like the Foo Fighters, if the Foo Fighters were twelve. (broken up)

Corn Boys: Industrial Hardcore. (broken up)

The Ryan Commandich Experience: a tree-hugging rainbow of trip happy hippy rock. (broken up)

The Novelty Crew Experience: Like the R.C. Experience but even worse. (broken up)

Peep Show: Words cannot describe Peep Show. (broken up)

Sons Of Sam: "The Sons Of Sam was a band we made up so we could make fun of straight edgers, and so Austin could drum, and so Jay could run around in a wife

beater, and so Ardy could wear big pants, cuz Ardy is a sexy guy. All this while singing about serial killers." --Scott Johnson (never really together)

Suburban Roots: ACHS's own Ska Explosion starring Grant Howard and other random rude boys. (still together)

Uprising ACHS Bands:

Kurbside: An Austrian polka band consisting of a one armed drummer, a six fingered tuba player, and Jason Rohaly puffing on his jug and shaking his Nazari. The ultimate in rock and roll sleeze. (broken up)

Forgotten Dialect: underground HIP HOP! (still together)

The Vogons: San Fransisco-style snot rock. (broken up)



The Goons

Los Problemos: Dope smoking Hispanic wrecks playing 80's punk and power. Their guitar player was just recently released from prison where he found the virgin to which he refers as "scandalist." They will be touring this summer in "Midnight Illusions," the bands official touring low rider.

The Half Racks: "My band sucks." --Kevin Moylan

The Lords Of Burnside: Many good songs and many die hard fans, yet the band has only practiced three times. Soon to stir an uprising of L.A. 77 speed punk and experimental dancehall dub reggae.

Brandon Reinen, "Virus" (of Kriminal Mischief Krew): "True underground hip hop, unlike 99.9% of these so-called Portland M.C.s who just kick nursery

rhymes. Hip hop is the most vivid form of expression, and expressive form of explanation." --Brandon up from Portland, OR (city of dead roses)

Bannana Peel Breakdown: Experimental funk jam band for the psychedelic masses. (Still in the making. Consisting of Jason Rohaly, Elliot Ross, and DJ Mike Emerson.)

Are surprised at the amount of talent your high school has? You shouldn't be. Have pride and respect for your Rock and Roll High School. There is no other quite like it.

Special thanx to: Terry Six, Jeremy Gage, all my brothers in Shockside, Matt Bunza, John Dougherty, and the class of 2000.

at the Musical Talent of ACHS

Colburn: . . . the Musical Talent at ACHS continued from page

drummers. Sworn enemies of The Iguanas, the Skate Rock princes of puppy love slightly amused audiences with their poppy songs about being confused about girls, school, their own sexuality, and random numbers about Ben Battie's imaginary playmate "Mr. Mud."

Basically, The Regiments were probably the best band to come out of Arts and Communication (hee hee hee).

A very frightening band made up of unstable punk rockers fueled by their own testosterone is The Goons Of Destruction.

"The Goons Of Destruction are dead. They couldn't punk rock their way out of a wet paper towel. The drums sound like Limp Bizkit, and I heard they even sit down while they practice like they were Crosby, Stills, and Nash. They are not funny and should quit while they are ahead. I thought they were a lot better before everyone and their f***ing mom were involved. I know because I was there man! I lived it, I ate it, I f***ed it DADDY-O." --Birds**t

Another infamous band, known as The Dolomites, once ruled the school. The Dolomites were the first to break the pure punk attitude by intertwining a charming blend of Irish pub music. They are perhaps the most successful band of C.E. Mason with their newly released album.

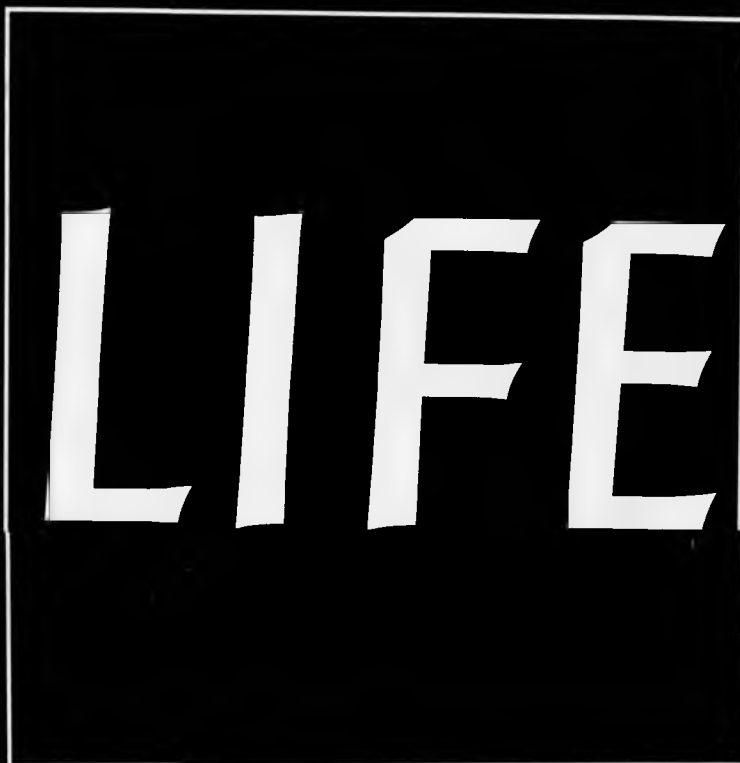
by Paul McCollum

Do four-hundred and fifty calories really matter? It might seem like a lot to those of you who look at things on a 2000 calorie scale, but isn't pure enjoyment worth it? If you look at your diet on an enjoyment scale rather than a number scale, you'll find that things work out in a rather nice way. Take for instance, a big, juicy piece of chocolate cake (if you

For some odd reason I was noticing all the small details of the pizza: the hard, crisp crust and the soft, warm cheese (this may be due to the fact that with the sun in my eyes and I couldn't see anything past it).

Now, it is a strange thing to say, but you can actually equate the pizza crust to life, or at least the people in life. There are those on the crust of the pizza, who live

show. Now sometimes when people have experiences like these they are shown the cure to a deadly disease, the idea for a new invention, or a way to live their life better. But me, oh no, I was shown how to equate life to a pizza for Christ's sake! You'd think they would be nice and show me something that could really have benefited me. It's a very odd thing what people will think about when



don't like chocolate, insert whatever food you like here). If you look at this as a calorie demon ready to bloat you full of fatty goodness, you're taking the wrong approach. You've got to learn to look at it as a chance to broaden your taste bud's horizons. This is critical in the enjoyment of the cake and, for that matter, life in general.

I was sitting at the counter one day, as sunlight streamed through the windows in bright shafts, lazy dust moats hovering in the air. Of course that sunlight had to be shining right in my eyes, blinding me, and making the day a little less enjoyable as a whole. I was actually trying to eat a small pizza, my mid-afternoon snack after a hard day at the alma mater.

a hard, cold, expressionless life, with no love or friendship. Then there are those deeper inside the pizza, whose warmth touches others. There are also those who can combine both of these traits. Call them mixers. The fact of the matter is, how you want to live your life is up to you, but remember that it will effect everything and everyone that you deal with.

Actually, the real fact of the matter is that there is something really wrong with someone who equates life to a pizza and chocolate cake. And yet, these thoughts came to me as I was sitting, just trying to eat my pizza in peace. But they wouldn't leave me alone. I kept catching glimpses of them in my peripheral vision enticing me to look and see what they could

they are alone with their thoughts. It is strange how the mind wanders, as Sherlock Holmes once observed. Although, as he is but a character in a book, it would be rather hard for him to observe anything at all, wouldn't it? He was a bit of a mixer himself, old Holmes. Then again, most people are when you get right down to it, I suppose. You know, all that I really wanted to do was sit quietly and eat my pizza, and what ends up happening? I start thinking about all these strange things. Speaking of strange, why the hell didn't I get up in the first place and get the sun out of my eyes? Maybe that was all part of the dream . . . life is strange . . .

The DAMN Dams:

A Comment on Dam Breeching and Salmon Preservation Tactics

by John Dougherty

I caught my first salmon at the age of eight, a beautiful two-foot Chinook. Caught in the beautiful Columbia Gorge (near Cascade Locks, 25 miles east of Portland) during the summer of 1991. Each spring/summer I return to the Gorge to fish with my father, but things have changed. I no longer catch the shiny Chinooks on their return trip from the Pacific. Now the fisherman's attention during the summer months is directed toward the young squaw fish.

"Hey Dad," I ask my father. He takes a sip from his beer.

"Yes son?" he responds.

"Why are we fishing squaw fish?" I ask.

"Well John, the squaw fish are killing all the salmon."

My father was right. Many years ago the squaw fish, a foreign species, was introduced to the Northwest and began feeding on incubating salmon eggs, decreasing the annual salmon harvest. Now the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife (ODFW) will pay you three dollars for every squaw fish you catch. The checks turn out to be quite handy. Last summer, a month or two after I caught a squaw fish in the Gorge, I received a three dollar check in the mail from the ODFW. It was like winning the lottery to a broke teen in the midst of summer fun.

The ultimate reason behind the ODFW paying anglers for catching squaw fish is to promote the extinction of a species of fish

that is obviously threatening the already dwindling salmon population.

The Alaskan government is employing a similar tactic as we speak to help dwindling salmon numbers in their state. This summer my father and I are heading to Alaska to take part in the extermination of nonnative pike. Many years ago, Alaska imported loads of pike in order to make their rivers and streams more appealing to the average tourist, because pike are "cool" looking. Pike look like sharks that were sent through a hot-dog maker and came out long and skinny.

However, history has shown us two things: the first is that a state's economy doesn't suddenly skyrocket due to tourism just because you put a few pike in the rivers; the second is that pike are natural predators of the salmon. Moreover, as for the second, pike don't eat the eggs, they eat the salmon whole. Since their introduction into Alaskan waters almost twenty years ago, they have made the salmon nearly extinct. Now the Alaskan government is asking fishermen around the world to come and fish away the pike.

The premise of this paper is to acknowledge the issues concerning the recent history the Pacific salmon crisis, and to shed light on the actual workings and placements of the dams. By now, the entire school has quite a look at the issue. The 11/12 team did an examination of the Columbia River based on William Dietrich's *Northwest Passage*, which inevi-

tably turned into a discussion of the salmon crisis. The 9/10 team is currently studying similar issues under Isaac Sanderson based on the great book *Salmon Without Rivers* by James Lichatowich.

Such an issue is hard to

weren't for the salmon.

This controversy is not dead, this issue is more alive than any other. We are in the eye of the storm. So if you choose to be inattentive when it comes the salmon issue, you are not paying respect



study in school, because your teacher can't pull crap out of nowhere and somehow relate it to the topic you are studying. No sir. These are issues that directly define us as Northwesterners. The history of salmon is the history of white involvement in the Northwest. We would not be here if it

to the land that you live. Many years ago, during the protests of Vietnam, a famous phrase was coined, "love it or leave it," referring to the protesters allegiance to the United States. Well, this rings true even now, if you don't have respect for the land which you live (ultimately, respecting the salmon)

then you should leave it.

The salmon crisis in the Pacific Northwest was not caused by only one force. The crisis exists in many realms, and the only connections they have are: a) they are killing the salmon and b) they all originated when Euro-Americans began to populate the Northwest. These problems are as follows: the damming of major rivers that the salmon use to migrate, the logging around rivers where salmon are spawning, irrigation brought to farms that wash up fish, pollution, predators, and the overfishing of salmon once they get to the ocean. The theories that the salmon crisis was caused by predators or overfishing are long shots.

Predators in nature are, and have always been, essential to the life cycle. Predators of all sorts have existed forever, and believe it or not, well before European settlements in the Northwest. Salmon lived in wild abundance in the northwest for ten thousand years with predators around. Predators are not to blame. Even if they are, it is because we put them there (i.e. the previously mentioned squaw fish and pike problems). It seems ridiculous that we would blame other animals instead of ourselves.

Overfishing doesn't seem a possible cause for a large-scale extinction because the Native Americans pulled large amounts of salmon out of the rivers prior to Euro-American settlement and never did the salmon face extinction. To put it bluntly, it is hard to overfish a fish. This is where two paths cross, eliminating the predator and overfishing theories. Wildlife agencies are having a hard time in their efforts to overfish pike and squaw fish. How do they expect to cause the extinction of a species even greater in number than the salmon, through overfishing, when overfishing is an unlikely contributor to extinction, even in the dire case of the salmon?

I will now discuss the most socially significant controversy at the present time, the fight over the dams. It seems that lately you can't even read the front of most North-

west newspapers without encountering an article about the dams. A few months ago I saw a headline in the Oregonian which read, "Kitzhaber decides to breach dams." Wow, I thought. John Kitzhaber, the governor of Oregon, actually took a controversial stance on a red-hot issue. At no time in my life did I feel like a politician was doing the right thing more than when I read that headline. The proposal Kitzhaber sided behind said that four dams along the Snake River would be breached. This proposal was hatched as a possible solution for the dwindling salmon numbers, so they would no longer get cut up in the turbines.

But since that great morning, the politicians have only given us delays. Most recently the Oregon Marine Fisheries Board, usually a supporter of salmon, has said that we should keep the dams for another five to ten years. How sad it is that we are to nervous to make a sudden good decision? I can guarantee you that nothing will be done for the rest of the year, it being an election year and all. None of the politicians want to side with such a controversial issue, and threaten their campaign, because it is safe to say that the supporters of dams supercede those who wish to remove them in number.

From the first dam installed in the Northwest to the recent "fish-friendly turbines" - I am of the opinion that the Bonneville Power Administration and all of its salmon recovery experts are actually a hired group of comedians, sitting in their offices hatching the most ridiculous plans possible and laughing when they see people try to actually implement their ideas. If this isn't the case, the experts need a "refresher" course in logic.

Let me tell you why.

First of all, let's examine the simple physics of a dam. When a river is split in half by a wall of cement it seems quite obvious that nothing can get through. When the salmon's only possible means of passage through the dam is having

“To give the salmon any hope of recovery, we must have to break free of the myths that have brought us to the point of crisis.”

**- James Lichatowich
"Salmon Without Rivers"**

to pass through steel turbines moving like race car tires, it's not hard to figure out what's happening to the salmon. So why are people wondering where the salmon are? I imagine yourself trying to get to the grocery store. Little do you know that

all the stores have put steel propellers in their doorways that you need to get through to get your food. A small number will get through and get the food, just as a small number of salmon will get through the turbines.

Another negative impact on salmon due to the dams is caused by irrigation. Many of the dams built not only generate electricity, but regulate water current and levels for ships and inland trade as well. They also provide stabilized water flow to assist local farmers in the irrigation of their farms. Irrigation, from when the dams were first erected until now, poses significant threats to the salmon. Ditches are built off the river so the river's flowing water stretches into farm lands for irrigation. However, when the salmon follow these ditches inland, farmers are having to clean up dead salmon who wash up in their fields.

Many years after the dams' construction, it was realized that local salmon numbers were rapidly diminishing, so they hired some

people to make some changes. The group's first idea was to raise fish in a controlled breeding atmosphere, like a "fish farm," we will call them hatcheries.

So many years passed and many generations of salmon are born and released into the rivers. If they are capable of making their way through the dams they can head to sea, but what if they don't know where to go? After many generations in the hatcheries, the breeding fish have lost their instinct of traveling down the river to migrate, so their offspring, little fries, also have no idea where they are going. Hatcheries lower the genetic code of the salmon they produce, because they loose their instincts. So even if the salmon could make it through the dams, they wouldn't know where to go.

So the dam (damn) people ask their Salmon Revival crew to find a way for the salmon to get down river. This happens to be my favorite part of the process. The crew derives an idea to carry the salmon down the river in a barge, hoping to simulate the salmon's migration to the ocean, a process that took thousands of years for the salmon to evolve. Now, they are just being carried down the river in a steel barge. Imagine someone putting you in a steel box and taking you somewhere you have never been, and then being asked to find your way home.

By now, more hatchery salmon are being released into the wild and they have begun to breed with wild salmon, which ultimately leads to all salmon becoming genetically deficient. For the time being, though, they decide to forget about them and worry about the dams. Eventually, members of the hatcheries would be questioned for allegations that they are killing off the salmon by beating them with bats.

By 1999, the Pacific salmon have entered another year in their heightened awareness, and nothing seems to be working out right, so the Salmon Revival unit has a new plan about the dams. They finally realize that the turbines do not give the salmon friendly access through the dam.

The Damn Dams continued . . .

Something must be done. The crew gets together with some local scientists and they pave the way for new turbines, called "fish-friendly" turbines. The old turbines, small steel propellers, will be replaced with the new, large steel propellers. The difference is ground breaking, rubber tips on the ends of the propellers. Now, maybe I'm wrong in thinking this, but wouldn't these new turbines just beat the salmon to death instead of just cutting it up? Be that as it may, this is the latest plan to save the salmon. Obviously, with the dam breeching seeming so far away, there doesn't seem to be a solution in sight.

At the present time, breeching the dams seems to be the

most logical solution, from an environmentalist standpoint. Although I may seem a "dam-breachers," I also worry about the effect on the industrial economy. We must acknowledge the benefits of the dams if we are to adequately look at this issue justly. Ultimately, the "right" idea environmentally is to breach the dams. But this world isn't always "right," and no matter how great tearing all the Northwest dams down would be, it is just not a logical option.

The dams in the Northwest are our major source of electricity, and it doesn't get much cleaner. Maybe we should be thankful that we have hydroelectric power, instead of coal or nuclear. The dams electricity supports almost all citi-

zens in the Northwest. They support inland trade, if they weren't here a possible economic collapse would be emanate. They also provide irrigation for farms in the Northwest, keeping our agriculture industry booming.

Over the past 30 years we have spent nearly three billion dollars in salmon preservation acts. I am of the opinion that if we had spent such a great amount of money on "helpful" solutions, than we would not be in this position. That is a lot of money, and we didn't even spend a "good" cent of it. If I could have that three billion again, this is what I would have done:

Instead of using short term tactics, we need to look at the long term. Using simple logic is the most important thing. I propose: salmon preservation should not be

handled from just an economic standpoint or just an industrial standpoint, it is obvious we need a balance. Ultimately, breeching all dams is the complete solution, but it's not logical. The focus of salmon preservation should be put simply on creating safer dams; dams where salmon have a clear passage to get through the cement wall and where turbines can not come into contact with the salmon. It is simple and direct. And three billion is more than sufficient funding. Maybe, though, we have dug ourselves too deep. I hope sooner or later this dam (damn) problem will be over, and that it was solved wisely, and with logic in mind.

As for the effect of logging on salmon-filled tributaries, well that is another story . . .

by Mike Ball

As I write this article, I realize that there are only a little over twenty school days left before I kiss high school, and the entire public school system, goodbye. And I also realize that I am not as eager for it to be all over as I was halfway through the first semester. Don't get me wrong. I'm tired of school. My bones ache in the mornings and I just don't want to have to get up. My classes are annoying and it is a battle to keep up with what little homework I have. And yet, there is a part of me that doesn't want it to end.

It saddens me to think about saying goodbye. I have made so many friends over these past four years, and yet I will soon be leaving them. Some will be leaving for college, some will get jobs, and others will still be going to this school. I hope to keep in touch but there are still no guarantees. I know that I will miss them and the times we've had. Things just won't be the same. However, I know that it is something a bit more than this that is running about in the back of my mind.

I can't really put into words what it is. There is a sadness that comes to me whenever I think about the whole thing finishing.

After twelve years of school my time is almost up. In less than a month I will have to make some decisions that will determine the course of my life.

That, I think, is the center of the problem. I know that most of my peers are all very glad that

the idea of college itself. I have no idea what I would do in college; my life has no direction right now and as soon as school is over, I just don't know what I'll do.

Of course college is not the only option left open to me. I could take the exact opposite approach

in the past have been simply hideous and I am not in a great hurry to go out and get another.

What is the final option left for me? There are probably several, but the only one that I can really think of is the armed forces. While this would of course offer me something to do, it would really only delay the inevitable. Joining the military would only serve as a surrogate for school. I would still have people telling me what to do and have my life planned out for me. It would allow me to put off taking any control of my life. That makes this third option both attractive and terrible.

I said before that I couldn't name what was making me upset about the end of school, but I realize that I spoke too rashly. I am afraid of change and what is hurtling towards me is one of the biggest I have ever had to face. I must leave behind school and go into the world to make something of myself. Things cannot and will not be the same, nor do I really want them to be. Life is an adventure and it is best to live it that way. When all is said and done, an adventure without uncertainties just isn't a very good one.

school is drawing to a close. They are of course looking forward to an end of the schoolwork we have now, and I must say that I feel the same. But at the same time I know that it is something of a hollow hope; if college is to be my future, then homework is far from over. However, the idea of more homework isn't really as bad as the ac-

and just not continue with my education. That of course would mean either living at home or going out and getting a job. And since the former is just not open to me, at least not without also doing the latter, I would have no choice but to go out and find employment. That is not a thought that I am really fond of. All of the jobs I have had

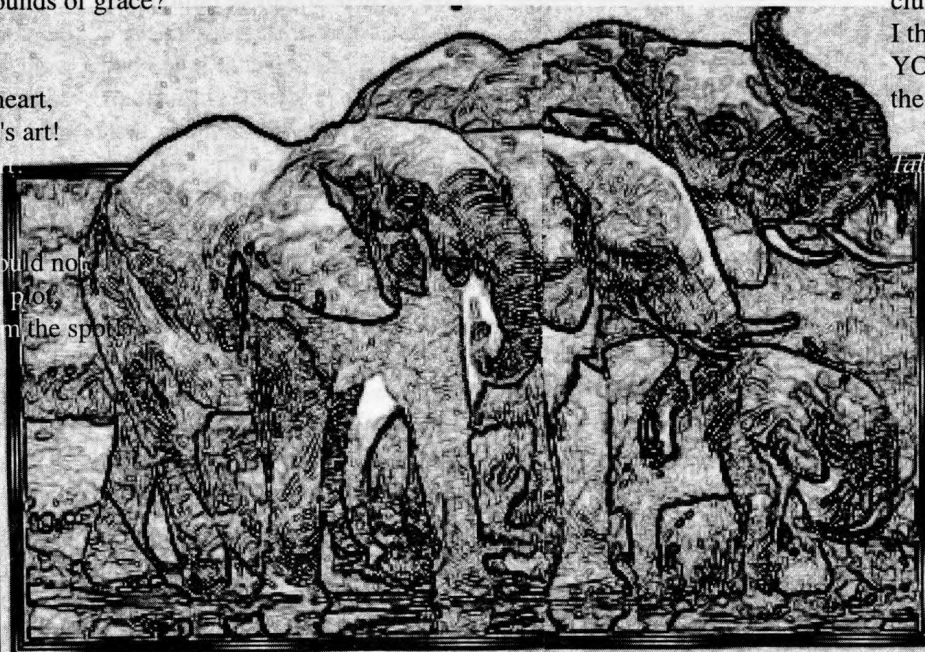
COMING
CHANGE

Afraid, of what?
 To feel the spirit's glad release,
 To pass from pain to perfect peace,
 The strife and strain of life to cease!

Afraid to see the Savior's face,
 To hear His welcome, and to embrace
 Glory that gleams from wounds of grace?

A flash, a crash a pierced heart,
 Darkness, light . O heaven's art!
 A wound of His counterpart.
 Afraid, of that?
 Afraid, of what?
 To do by death what life could not
 Baptize with blood a stony plot,
 Till souls shall blossom from the spot.
 Afraid, of that?
 Afraid, of what?

Steve Hammond



Tumble, Rumble
 SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE
 kisses chatter me
 laying on broken glass
 sprinkle over
 shady cover under tree
 keep you hidden, away from seen
 scoop me UP
 clutch real close
 I think . . .
 YOU
 the thing I love the most.

Tabitha King

JOURNEY:

There is a windy road ahead,
 Upon which a solitary man walks.
 Whose path has taken him far.

A traveling companion for his journey.
 So that he may know joy in his journey,
 would be lighter with each step.

In far distance . . .
 Seeing a goddess form,
 Her long brown hair blowing in the wind.
 Eyes cold as mountain streams,
 But warm as summer's night.
 He walks on wondering if this will be his companion.
 Because that . . . is what he hopes

Needs . . .
 Desires . . .

anonymous

The Perfect Place

If God were a rock,
 he'd be that one there,
 to tower over and watch,
 all trees full and bare

If heaven was a river,
 It'd be that one the current pulls,
 to gather land debris,
 like it gathers earth's souls.

If all the stars were trees,
 they'd be those one's growing high,
 to stretch with all their might,
 to take a piece of the sky.

If the earth were a certain place
 it would be this place here,
 to show all it's beauty,
 so bold, and so clear.

Noel Gurrola

Mickey

Carries her sunglasses in a sock
wears Converse shoes laced three holes down
faded and dirty, words written on the soles
torn pockets, frayed jeans
paint, white out
duct tape bracelet, spikes
army fatigue green
bandanna

Allison

Dresses and plays the part of popular school girl
leather sandals, a new pair, always a new pair
denim jackets and white t-shirts
short skirts, dresses
flawless cosmetic face
perfect hair
metallic gold
cross necklace

Mickey & Allison

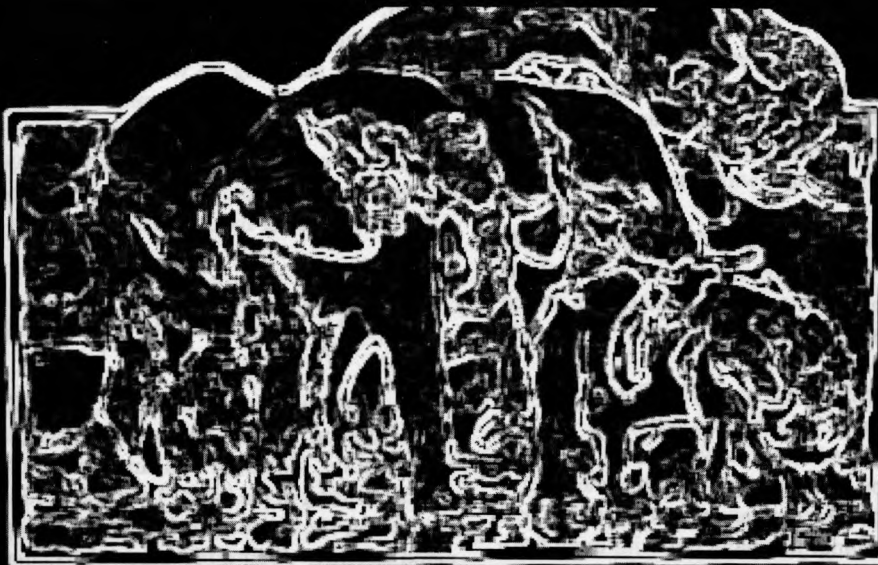
Obviously different but secretly the same
different backgrounds, worlds, lives
attraction, infatuation
trust and acceptance
gloriously brief
the best friendship
they will ever know

Jennifer Kennemer

The Empty Room

Why is it I'm always left alone in an empty room
The last one to be inside
Just me with my ever-faithful thoughts
The stereo blurs the silence around me
So I'm a little more comfortable
Until I start listening to the throbbing thoughts in my mind
the companions on my escapade through this ever-present loneliness
Exhaustion and confusion pulsate through my body
Until I'm possessed to do something irrational and impulsive
Needing someone to keep me company
In this empty house
Someone who hears the numbing echoes of solitude or just
Something that makes a noise to distract me from this
Embodying sense of being lost
Confined to this desperate search of distraction and companionship
I feel doomed to the eternal commitment of
Silencing the silence that embraces us all and which some of us
Are luckily deaf to
Plagued by the emptiness I find myself continually left in
I am trying to unlock the window of solitude toward something

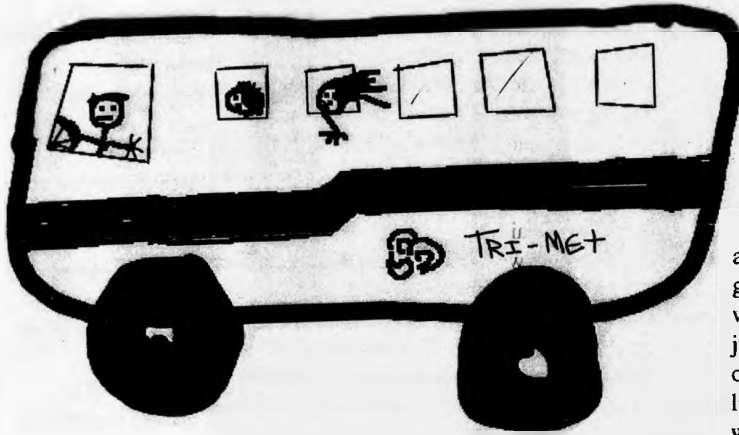
Gina Milhauser



I love holding you in my hands.
You make me feel like nothing else.
As soon as I wake up in the morning, I want you.
Right before I go to bed, I want you.
Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night, I want you and I take you.
I love the feeling that you give me, there is nothing better than you.
I wish I could satisfy you the way you satisfy me, but I can't.
Someday I will try, but until that day, I hope that you keep on satisfying me.

Julie Taylor

TRI-MET Stories



by Tabbatha King (With a little help from Hallie Williams. Real little.)

Gold Teeth That Shine So Bright

It had been a long day of walking around the streets of Portland. Tired and anxious to get home two young girls about the age of sixteen hopped on a bus. As they boarded the dark bus, they headed toward the back. Also sitting in the back, all sprawled out trying to look thuggish, was a tall, thin black man, with flashy clothes and a gold tooth.

"MMM . . . Damn girl, how you doing?" He spat out while raising his left eyebrow and trying to give a smile to show off his gold tooth. Ignoring him, they sat chatting about current events, which happened to be focused on jobs, and their lack of money, when they were promptly interrupted.

"Hey you girls wanna make some money?" They looked at each other, still kind of oblivious to what he was getting at.

"Well, what would we have to do?" they asked.

"Aww, nothing hard, you just go hang out with some guys at their house. We'll get you some new clothes and dress you up real nice, you don't have to do anything, just hang out with them for a while, and they pay like four hundred dollars! Now I of course would get a little piece of the pie."

"What? Why, we'd be doing all the work?"

"Because I'm like your manager, I'm setting this up for you. You know what I'm saying?" The two girls stopped and realized this was an obvious invitation to be a hooker, which neither of them was interested in. Luckily, their stop came soon after, so they didn't have to ignore him for too long.

Old Man Hand

Once again it was in the middle of a long cold winter. A friend and I were just coming home from our weekly trip to Rico's Tacos, to get our usual the "Beef Head Special" in Hillsboro, we saw our bus waiting at its spot. We quickly boarded the crowded, wet bus. Ahh yes, just our luck, we immediately found two open seats right next to each other. During the ride home everything seemed to be quite normal, just like any other day, so of course we didn't think anything of it. My friend was sitting next to the window, which was completely covered in steam from the wet air. Not paying attention, she started doodling on the window with her fingers, the moist air gliding across her fingertips as she constructed her masterpiece. Just when she thought it was safe a BIG, FAT, OLD, FURRY, SPOTTED, PASTY, WHITE HAND came creeping about from the seat behind, to guide her hand in the right direction, to his hairy old chin.

She pulled away screaming frantically, while I just sat laughing hysterically. Not sure what to do I yelled "Eww, that's gross, Eww . . . creepy old man! Get away. GET AWAY!" I started THROWING ALL MY GRANOLA, which I had been snacking on before the incident went "down," at the old man. To our surprise as soon as the old man saw the flying granola he loosened his grip from her hand and made a mad dash to the floor, scooping up what granola he could salvage, shoving the handfuls in his greasy old mouth, while it trickled down into his long scruffy beard. We had no idea he was so hungry so we threw some saltines down too. (We really did it just to see him chase after the crackers which were sliding around the bus's floor, we even kicked a few.) After we ran out of food we got off the bus.

Speak No Espanol

The hour: late. The feeling: cold. She was alone at a Max stop. The Max soon arrived. She walked on and sat down, trying not to draw any attention. The train was empty except for a group of rowdy Mexican men sitting in the back. They were talking really loud, but it was in Spanish so she couldn't make out what they were saying, not that she cared anyway. After a few stops of listening to the Spanish ramble, a familiar face boarded the Max. It was an old friend of hers and they started talking. He was also Mexican. When her stop came, her friend insisted on getting off with her to walk her home. So they both exited the Max. As they did she noticed all of the men that were sitting in the back get off also.

"I heard them talking. They were planning on getting off where you did and following. They were gonna jump you." She was grateful for her friend's concern. She was real glad that he had shown up, who knows what would have happened to her if he hadn't.

Secret Letters

Oh, That Brenda

On a sunny after school bus ride home, camping in the back of the bus, I caught a listen to a strange, messy looking man on the bus. He sat clutching his suit case sized lunch pale. He was staring at nothing in particular. Suddenly he began burbling out random information.

"Oh, that Brenda . . . I sure do like her. Yes, it's true I do like that Brenda. I wish that Brenda would ride the Tri-Met bus number 78. Then she'd have me cornered for sure. All she'd have to do is just take one of the shoes off my foot. Then she'd have me cornered . . . Isn't that something . . . HEE HEE (repeat several times)."

What a treat it was to hear the way Brenda could corner this messy fellow, all the way home.

The hour was late. On our way home (myself and a friend), we sat toward the back of the bus for no particular reason. While we sat, we noticed the staring eyes of a dirty stranger sitting across from us. Trying to be polite I gave a courteous smile. This was obviously misunderstood and taken as an invitation talk to us.

We just sort of nodded and began a conversation of our own, secretly laughing at him, trying to pretend he wasn't there staring at us like he was waiting to tell us something super important. His stop came, he pulled the wire and gave us a look. When he started to walk toward the exit, he slipped my friend a note.

"What?" we thought and opened it up. It was his *suicide* letter! It explained how depressed he was and how he wanted to die! What the hell were we supposed to do?

Tipped Over And Poured Right Out



We woke up somewhat early for a summer morning, about 10:30 or so, catching the bus before noon was our goal. There were four of us then: me, Lindsay, Steve, and Warren. Our destination: downtown, the drum circle. It was the perfect day for a bus ride too, of course it's never half as nice as a car, but this was about four or five summers ago and none of us could drive, we were still in junior high. So we all went downtown to meet up with a friend. Lindsay and I became bored and decided to fade that scene. We walked to the nearest bus heading to Beaverton. Finally it came and we hopped on without any hesitation. We quickly glided to the back of the bus. We were sitting and chatting when I suddenly realized the bus had stopped and we had been parked for a long time.

"What the hell is taking so long!?! Why aren't we moving?" I asked while looking over the greasy heads sitting in front of me, trying to get a glimpse of what seemed to be the hold up. To my surprise it was one of those old wheelchair ladies that take like twenty-five minutes to load on the damn bus. Great, this was just great. My summer day was just slipping away from me. Finally after like twenty hours, she was all locked in.

The bus started moving again. Woo Hoo! Everything seemed to be good, and it was, until the bus driver got a little crazy and decided to take a sharp turn, and DOWN WENT THE WHEELCHAIR LADY!! Just tipped right over, right on her side (this wasn't any wheelchair, this was one of those "carry my whole life around with me" wheelchairs). She fell right over onto some women sitting across from her. I tried to control myself. I couldn't believe this was happening, we were in shock, when I looked at something silver on the floor.

"What is that!" I ask Lindsay, then I see, it's the wheelchair lady's BEDPAN. I look over near it and toilet paper has rolled all around the front of the bus, not to mention her little stuffed animals and magazines everywhere on the bus!! I couldn't hold it in any longer, the bedpan did it for me. Just when the action seemed to be over (the bus driver still has not stopped the bus), a very large, plump black woman stood up, trying to hold her balance because the bus was still moving, and shouted "OMIGOD!!!" Right after she did, she went TUMBLING OVER!!! That's when we lost it! That the funniest damn thing I had ever seen, I burst out in laughter, I felt like my bladder was going to burst. This woman in a wheelchair had tipped over, fallen on a woman (who no one was even concerned about), and all the old lady's things floating around the bus, when a large, concerned black woman went crashing down. I don't think it gets any better than that. No, no it doesn't. HAHA!! We laughed all the way home!!

Queen Vile's

by Marian J. Lucas

Once upon a time, in a faraway land there was a castle. There were many castles back then, but what made this one special was the wizard who created this castle had a dream. He believed that a community could be made that truly served those who lived there. He began creating his dream, and it drew in the best people, so that even after he was gone the dream was still held by all.

Then one day rumors spread of a new queen coming to power. There was tension in the air whenever her name was uttered, but everyone dismissed it, as intuitions are too often shrugged aside. Everyone waited to see what she would truly be like.

The new queen introduced herself in the fall of the next year. The entire court was seated on the soldier training grounds as requested and awaited the coming ceremony. A little man pushed his way to the front of the group. He was a sniveling, weakling of a man, with no apparent backbone, and the demeanor of a weasel.

"Um, can I please get your, uh, attention?" he said in a pansy voice. "Um, I'd just like to introduce

a newcomer in our group, Queen Vile." After the first year of

An applause rose from those who did not fit her design, the queen had some positions in the castle to fill. She called for a mathemati-

cian named Sir Fond. Queen Vile ordered him to tutor the peasants. Poor Sir Fond was a good-hearted man and a good mathematician but he'd never instructed a group like this before. He did his best to undermine the Queen's will and serve the needs of the people. That is, until Queen Vile found out.

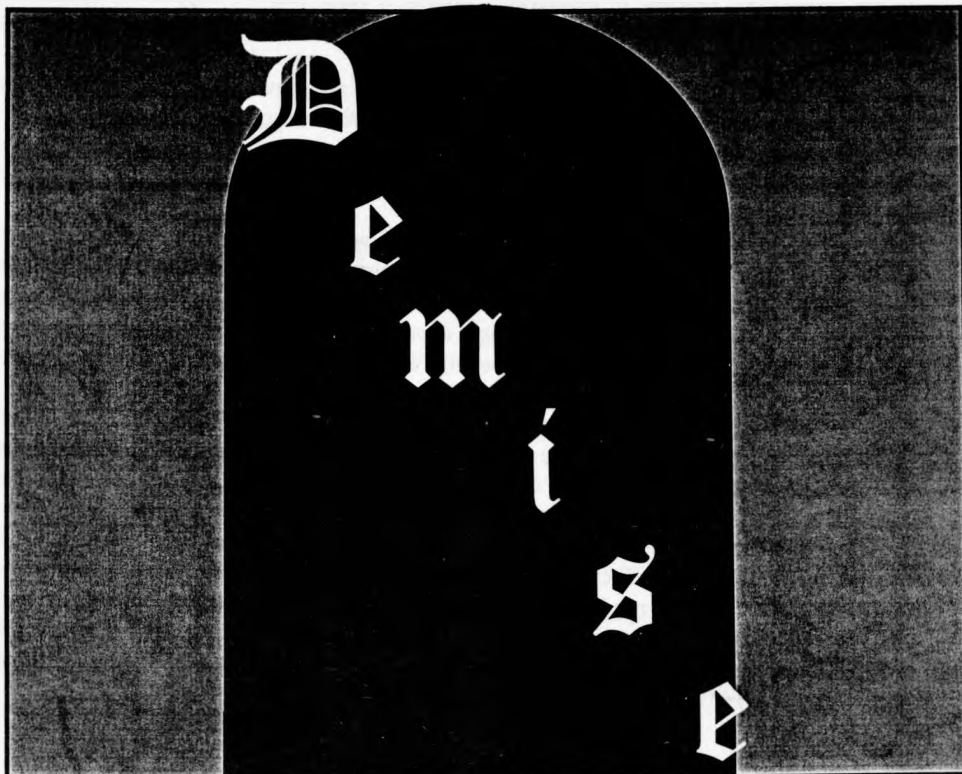
She became so outraged that he was actually trying to help the peasants that she almost tried to kill him. But she didn't become

queen by rash actions. She coolly calculated the situation and decided that she would break his spirit. She started by sending other courtiers to watch him tutor

and give "constructive" criticism. Sir Fond did his best to meet their demands but this only pushed Queen Vile farther. She hired creepers and crawlers from the swamps of the earth to "assist" him in his task. She sent him to observe other courtiers, to help him see how things were done. Just when he thought she'd wrung every drop of dignity he had left, she took from him his closest group of peasants and announced to the entire kingdom that he

needed the extra time in order to be a successful mathematician.

But there was still a little of the wizard's magic left in the castle and those who had stayed true to his dream were there to help cushion the blows. They stuck together and made it through the darker times. There is an old truth that says evil will consume itself, and so the revolting Queen Vile died alone in her room, after only a short reign, choking on her own poison. The only tears that were wept at her passing were tears of joy.



Class of 2000 Senior Wills: An ACHS Tradition

I, Norah Al-Weitaid, being of mind and body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Tina B and Erika G, I leave good times from the past, present, and future, my undying love, my thanks for always being there, and a percentage of my earnings . . . you know what I'm talking about
To: Corin, I leave exciting times at Sharies, staying up late talking and causing trouble, Austin Powers, and the Backstreet Boys
To: Isaiah, I leave all the Elvis crap that I have accumulated over the past four years, your GG Allin tape, your Riverdales/Hi-Fives tape, and anything else I have borrowed and never returned
To: Richie, I leave girl talks, the list, and all the girls you could ever want
To: Scott, I leave my thanks for putting up with me when I was really confused and "Brown Eyed Girl"
To: Brady, I leave my thanks for letting me accomplish the goal I set for myself at the beginning of my eleventh grade year and my never ending crush on you
To: Megan, I leave fun times and gossiping on the bus
To: Ardy, I leave sex, drugs, and rock n' roll, Middle Eastern Power, my thanks for making me go to Mexico, and memories that go back forever
To: Mr. K, I leave my apologies for letting you down . . . I still love you
To: Erika H, I leave anything you want 'cause you're cute
To: Jeremy G, I leave fun times at Washington Square Cinemas and a girl just like you
To: Sarah B, I leave good memories from the past . . . Valley, Mike, the trampoline, Sam, sneaking out and getting caught, attempting to skate (just to name a few) and a special place in my heart
To: Terry G, I leave a lap dance at Jiggles
To: John D, I leave my apologies for not talking to you as much as I used to and my admiration because I can honestly say that I have not one bad thing to say about you
To: anyone else that I may have forgotten, I leave nothing 'cause you obviously aren't very important . . . just kidding . . . I love you all

I, Sally Anderson, being of frivolous mind and sexy body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: T.J., I leave quotes like, "I'm not a wuss - I'm just not very muscular."
To: Jeremiah, I leave wonderfully done makeup
To: Jessica M., I leave pictures of Jonathan Davis
To: Ashley, I leave T.J.
To: Murie, I leave memories
To: Bunza, I leave animal noises
To: Ian, I leave days of downloading illegal applications
To: Emily B., I leave wonderful massages and beautiful butterflies
To: Everyone I forgot, I leave goldfish in a blender
To: Kriss Haines, I leave claymation tools and a second showing of my school violence exhibition
To: Spencer, I leave odd times of videoing
To: Brynn, I leave smiles
To: Keegan, I leave natural helper meetings
To: Corin Summers, I leave cold walks through downtown Beaverton
To: James Thain, I leave a CD burner
To: Deborah Facker, I leave my butterfly ring
To: Cassie Cooper, I leave a cup of coffee
To: Isaiah S., I leave a leather jacket

To: Elliot, I leave comics
To: Rachel Guyton, I leave many classes with Nathan Lucas
To: Richard Lucas, I leave middle school girls
To: Chris Amburn, I leave a notebook
To: Danielle Barry, I leave paper towels
To: Michael Brown, I leave pens
To: Angela Carter, I leave dirty socks
To: Devon Downey-Smith, I leave pizza
To: Jaclyn Emery, I leave apples
To: Brad Gation, I leave pears and a haircut - you hippy
To: Taylor Gehrts, I leave peaches
To: Kim Genly, I leave velvet underwear
To: Joe Granville, I leave monkey wrench
To: Shanyelle King, I leave fingernail clippers
To: Marian Lucas, I leave pants that fit
To: Cecile Matthews, I leave a purple bra
To: Laura McNulty, I leave a nutter butter
To: Aumbria Mink, I leave a what-cha-ma-call-it
To: Kevin Moylan, I leave courage
To: Alyssa Preble-Douglass, I leave a flower
To: Brittany Rosen, I leave a Brittany Spears CD
To: Jonathon Scott, I leave a Backstreet Boys CD
To: Corey, I leave the ability to hold tiles with your butt
To: Gina, I leave long, long bus rides from Seattle
To: Jason Rohaly, I leave Limp Bizkit and underwear
To: Aaron Gaines, I leave semi- pornographic drawings
To: Brandon Hatfied, I leave a complete conversation without saying any words, and another "wonderful" year at Sunset, may it be filled with at least one concert like Korn. I also leave endless episodes of the Thundezrcats and Winnie the Pooh.
To: Coffee People, I leave all my lunch money
To: Jason VanMourik, I leave EBS
To: Ashley McGinnis, I leave Rainbow Brite
To: Yambo, I leave the Buddhas - they may return one day . . .
To: Kaad, I leave thanks for the help and support
To: all the frosh, I leave spit wads
To: Adam, I leave a year's worth of haircuts - you hippy
To: Nathan Lucas, I leave thanks for the freedom and dirty socks
To: guitar girl, I leave endless days of no individuality
To: Tom, I leave everything I didn't leave to T.J.
To: Ardy, I leave a lot of laughter
To: Gabe Rodgers, I leave a washing machine
To: Brandi Rossin, I leave a mole
To: Jessica Wallet, I leave feminine napkins
To: Joseph Williams, I leave a commando doll
To: Lisa Wooden, I leave pomendore
To: Anthony Anaya, I leave communism
To: Jassiel Bean, I leave a cabbage
To: Katerina Bennett, I leave a pack of cretins
To: Louise Botterill, I leave a duffel bag
To: Kristin Cheng, I leave Ricky Martin
To: Brady Colburn, I leave Jennifer Lopez's dress from the Oscars
To: Brian Elliot, I leave a dry cleaner
To: Katherine Frantz, I leave a drum
To: Julia Gammons, I leave a monster under the bed
To: Scott Hardy, I leave a loris
To: Steven Hebert, I leave a loving cup
To: Jermey Highhouse, I leave a sun bonnet
To: Bryony La Flamme, I leave a sunburn
To: Jocelyn Lee, I leave a super helix
To: Heather McDonald, I leave super powers
To: Todd McDougal, I leave a push-cart

To: Jon Bakke, I leave the award for being one of the smartest people I know
 To: Jason Bowers, I leave surrealist thought and endless packets
 To: Cliff Hunter, I leave coloring books
 To: Lauren, I leave cream-filled donuts
 To: Sara Gatten, I leave brightly colored clothing
 To: Michelle Alexander, I leave bubbles
 To: Scott, I leave Korn autographs and funny comics
 To: Amy Romaine, I leave TJ Maxx
 To: Brian Coffelt, I leave raver jewelry - you weirdo
 To: Jeremy Gage, I leave punk-rock, Limp Bizkit (cuz you luv em)
 To: Katie Gee, I leave the letter P
 To: Jeff Hinman, I leave a play
 To: Anne Hunt, I leave camo pants
 To: Erin Leahy, I leave the number 5
 To: Dan New, I leave Pokemon
 To: Victoria Oberzil, I leave Tim Burton and Sally from The Nightmare Before Christmas
 To: Stephan Saito, I leave a video camera
 To: Helena Schlect, I leave the number 11
 To: Althea Smith, I leave a guitar
 To: Julie Taylor, I leave neon green contacts
 To: Tiffany Trien, I leave a 98 degrees backstage pass
 To: Karla Van Raden, I leave Mt. Everest
 To: Everyone, I leave prizes that must be picked up NO LATER than May 1st, 1987 - have a nice life suckas
 To: John Dougherty, I leave clearcutting seminars
 To: Crystal W., I leave fond memories, concerts, ducks and lots of cheese
 To: Amber May, I leave a fight over Davey
 To: Davey, I leave a mosh pit in my car with Bunza to Korn
 To: Jon Barron, I leave a dark prison cell
 To: Mariah Knight, I leave the heater in room 18 that never worked
 To: Katie Osborn, I leave my ring and spikes, continue the brawls
 To: my ohana, I leave the legacy of mocking Yambo
 To: Mary Fosse, I leave a permanent Gdark room
 To: Joel Goodman, I leave a lifetime supply of magazine cutouts
 To: Alauna Griffith, I leave hair bleach
 To: Erika Gudmundsen, I leave polka-dot t-shirt
 To: Denise Juhnke, I leave Steven at TJ Maxx
 To: Megan Kindree, I leave a Nike watch
 To: Paul McCollum, I leave an eight track player
 To: Shaunna O'Brien, I leave butterflies and toadstools
 To: Kate Seiler, I leave green hair dye
 To: Terry Six, I leave a leather jacket
 To: Hallie Williams, I leave a camera
 To: Loren Williams, I leave a cold floor without socks
 To: Ty Blair, I leave a haircut, a shower, and an identity
 To: Adam Braukman, I leave a puffy jacket
 To: Josephine Davis, I leave a yearbook
 To: Randy Gerhart, I leave art pupil poster
 To: Erin Hegberg, I leave mural
 To: Liz Jaehnre, I leave a cup of coffee
 To: Kennifer Jennemer, I leave a black t-shirt
 To: Emi, I leave Nike shoes
 To: Donilee, I leave a pair of dance shoes
 To: Jordan McGinnis, I leave a skateboard
 To: Hannah McLain, I leave hair dye
 To: Auna Montgomery, I leave a bracelet
 To: Brandon Reimon, I leave hip-hop
 To: Caitlin Scholl, I leave a louder voice
 To: Crystal Smith, I leave a Buddha
 To: Karen Thornton, I leave a deck of cards

To: Jenny McKee, I leave a pussy cat
 To: Angel Salser, I leave a halo
 To: Lindsay Sawyer, I leave a Harley
 To: Vince Schmidt, I leave a fundraiser
 To: Caity Smuin, I leave a funeral home
 To: Stephanie Sicke, I leave a woodpecker
 To: Lorena Tanase, I leave a violin
 To: Karla, I leave a biography of Yambo
 To: Norah Al-Wetaid, I leave more excuses to be absent
 To: Tina Bainu, I leave a pug
 To: Courtney Castelman, I leave a mannequin
 To: Sean Christensen, I leave a pack of cigarettes
 To: Tanya Cline, I leave hair bleach
 To: Lotus Ferguson, I leave NSync
 To: Ashley Smith, I leave edible underwear
 To: Tyler Tinsley, I leave an inflatable doll
 To: Omari, I leave a creek, and dry underwear
 To: Jessica Meshell, I leave a sweat shirt
 To: Tiffany Balloun, I leave cold air
 To: Michelle Brown, I leave warm air
 To: Candy Bullard, I leave a "candy" bar
 To: Deni Byrd, I leave a cock-a-two
 To: Jenny Coccorese, I leave plastic surgery
 To: Franklin Diehl, I leave a sketch pad
 To: Hillary Eichinger, I leave a lighter
 To: Brandon Fessler, I leave vinyl
 To: Angelina Fillippi, I leave a rubbermaid container
 To: Shawna Fox-Anderson, I leave Korn
 To: Devan Grove, I leave better luck with cars
 To: Erica Hailstone, I leave a smile
 To: Steve Hammond, I leave a satanic shirt
 To: Heather Hartigan, I leave death
 To: Kriss Huebner, I leave tissue paper
 To: Deanna Johnson, I leave Kleenex
 To: Tabbatha King, I leave a color poster of Hanson
 To: Natalie La Du, I leave dust bunnies
 To: Jarod Laughlin, I leave punk-rock buttons
 To: Lisa Muta, I leave a bottle of Naya
 To: Chris Patterson, I leave spandex
 To: Kathleen Perry, I leave a box of condoms
 To: Karen Van Raden, I leave a lamp
 To: Cordelia Apple, I leave a largemouth bass
 To: Miko Balambao, I leave flouride
 To: Tyler Bland, I leave soap
 To: Fernando Cabrejos, I leave a mini Statue of Liberty pencil sharpener
 To: Margret Condon, I leave tapestry
 To: Mariclare Daly, I leave a stamp
 To: Noel Gurrola, I leave quiz show
 To: Ashlee Heath, I leave a new-drug
 To: Erik Iverson, I leave freckles
 To: Dorthy Jacob, I leave free-love
 To: Nacebeth Jaihouni, I leave fraternity
 To: Sharlene James, I leave brass monkeys
 To: Sam Jespersen, I leave duct tape
 To: Emily Jones, I leave brick
 To: Aubrey Lempertz, I leave ant hill
 To: Mike Lofgren, I leave hand cuffs
 To: Katie O'Brien, I leave hand-car
 To: Erika Pearson, I leave Frisbee
 To: Substitutes, I leave real work
 To: Olivia Perry, I leave killer waffle

To: Lindsey Wilhelm, I leave fuzzy clothing
To: Stephanie Allen, I leave booty dancing
To: Mike Ball, I leave a haircut
To: Tabatha Belles, I leave your own identity
To: Sarah Brown, I leave a Jetta
To: Courtney Burbach, I leave a suntan

I, Tina Baianu, being of indecisive mind and Asian sensation body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Brucey, I leave a hearing aide and being gooeey
To: Penny, I leave our Aries-Scorpio arguments, and "You're sooo Japanese"
To: Johnny D, I leave a pint of Guinness and Tom Waits
To: Baby Face Brady, I leave our PACT and Fear and Loathing
To: Scotty, I leave the "Most Creepy" Award and getting funky in African dance
To: Lauren Asay, I leave swing dancing and a pair of red Converse high tops
To: Norah, I leave . . . wait! I don't need to leave you anything, I already went and got your boy toy for you from Seattle!
To: Hallie, I leave Portishead, the "You're the Greatest" Award, and my backpack, oh wait, you already have one exactly like it
To: Ardy, I leave Canada, mullets, and that picture of Terry that suddenly disappeared . . . heh heh
To: Erica H, I leave new brakes and staying out past 11:30 dammit!
To: Big Brian, I leave a tutu, a dress, and the "Sexiest Man" Award
To: Richie, I leave Jap cars and green hair
To: Jeremy, I leave my "High School Baby Yum Yum" 7", over-the-line comments, being transient, a screen for your mouth to keep food from flying all over the place, and my "sensi-spot"
To: Emily Beeks, I leave last minute duets and an appointment for that date we're supposed to go on
To: Erika, my love, I leave being dirty, the backseat of Mike's car, Mexican Fiesta Night (heh, heh), a million dollars, EVERYTHING, and sex . . . and LOTS of it
To: Shaunna, I leave Tori, Johnny D, and the "Cutest Girl" Award
To: Nyeball, I leave great massages
To: Isaiah, I leave Britney Spears, "No, we're not stopping at Fred Meyers for hair spray!" and "It's my night, my movie."
To: Corin, I leave eerie similarities, synchronized pee-time, leopard print thongs, and Isaiah
To: Matt Bunza, I leave jamming on the piano and someday finishing recording
To: Sarah Brown Cow, I leave Hawthorne and hours upon hours at Coffeetime
To: Caitlin, I leave grace, poetry, and great hair
To: Cassie, I leave math class and calling you Beatrice
To: Albert, I leave the world of the Good People, mythology, and a big thanks for responding every time I'd call your real name, ALBERT
And last but definitely not least . . .
To: Terry Sixer, I leave fried chicken, Eddie Murphy, TY City Dream, the Asian Video, and all the love that I have

I, Mike Ball, being of curses mind and splashes body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Aaron, I leave a flat-headed slug woman and ten gallons of lamp oil
To: Sam, I leave Akuma-she and the first knuckle bone from my right thumb
To: Tyrel, I leave Middle School, Jesse, Chuck, Akbar, and McDonalds
To: Paul, I leave that girl you stalked, a copy of disk 7777, and my friendship
To: Randall, I leave Oh My Goddess, the Raccoon, and a roasting in the depths of slor
To: the Urban Ninja, I leave Alhambra (600 ponds of car crushing, diesel pumping madness)
To: Pete, I leave my respect and friendship and the hope that you'll eventually see Japan
To: Jeremy, I leave the Ultimate Teacher, Booh, The Wannabes, and a girl with something extra
To: Jennifer, I leave Poncho, Japan, my eyes, a future as a writer, a copy of the unfinished werewolf story (someday) and lots joy
To: Hannah, I leave Kaz, Japan, good times and bad ones, that battle angle picture you love well, Hyperion, and other books you'll never read, Terry-Kun, Oscar and my love
To: James, I leave Japan, Wendys, four good years together, countless hours of anime, the live action versions of DBI, La Blue Girl, and the Overfiend, and a donkey
To: Pricilla, I leave many wacky conversations in Japanese class and my left ear as a token of my devotion
To: Tyler, I leave Mr. Miyazaki, Princess Mononoke, and your beloved brother Frank
To: Spencer, I leave all of your dreams not involving world conquest and someone to listen to your endless tirades
To: Lotus, I leave an old pair of shoes, a twinkie, and a lot of laughs
To: Katie, I leave the knowledge that I'll always be around (even if its lurking in the bushes behind your house)
To: Austen, I leave a pizzar
To: my friends who are gone, I leave champagne wishes and caviar dreams
To: Erwin-sensei, I leave Japan, my friendship, movies at the Koin, and good luck in all you do
To: Van Mourick, I leave crazy German techno music and some hair
To: my teachers past and present, I leave laughter and tears, missing assignments, knowledge gained, and many memories, both good and bad
To: anyone I forgot, I leave the hope that when I'm rich and famous I might remember you

I, Emily Beeks, being of absent mindedness and multiple bodies, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Shaunna, I leave 4 AM Gingerbread men made for looks not taste
To: Sally, I leave sharp, pointy objects
To: Ike, I leave my brain for the use of science
To: Penny, I leave 18 hour field trips to Tacoma
To: Ashley, I leave easily applied MAC eyelashes with sparklies
To: Shane, I leave starry ceilings, Battle Angel, and my heart
To: Cassie, I leave a tasty rainbow and cocktail mornings
To: Caitlin, I leave my will for this issue of Savant - you're beautiful
To: John D, I leave more amusing Junior Achievement classes for cartoon material
To: Paul, I leave higher doorways and plane seats with more leg room
To: Amy R, I leave a job in retail where you DON'T have to deal with customers

To: Megan K, I leave a palm reading book
 To: Lauren, I leave Holiday Sharing - He He He (evil laughter)
 To: Vince, I leave your license so you can drive yourself to school when I'm gone
 To: Josephine, I leave a math free future where people submit things to their school publications and Gary Larson
 To: Brandon H, I leave your very own apartment, mother-free
 To: Richard, I leave good car luck . . . better yet, a new car
 To: Katie O, I leave the yang
 To: Loren, I leave a worthy chess opponent
 To: Tina, I leave a dinner date with me
 To: James, I leave a sushi dinner you'll be paying for
 To: Emiko, I leave a throng of devoted fans to carry out your every request
 To: Jason R, I leave a bright, musical future
 To: Teeter, I leave an art room installed with a permanent muse
 To: Bruce, I leave a world without official titles and attendance sheets
 To: TJ, I leave a future free of heart break
 To: Corey, I leave more movies that do DVD justice and 3D Sports Illustrated issues
 To: Yambo, I leave Now is the Month of Maying, may that song ring eternally in your ears! Bwa ha ha
 To: Devon, I leave smelly socks
 To: Courtney C, I leave the cha-cha-cha
 To: Sarah G, I leave a "tiny" thing great and small
 To: Sarah B, I leave the color green 'cuz you look stunning in it
 To: Sean Christianson, I leave "Vincent" and Thai food
 To: Mary, I leave a Dunkin' Doughnuts protest for veganism
 To: Adam, I leave cheesy, Fabio-covered romance novels
 To: Jeff, I leave a professional acting group
 To: Ardy, I leave SSC and the fire

I, Ty Blair, being of crazed mind and disfigured body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Hannah, I leave 100 cats
 To: Shawna the Bomba, I leave an orange and an apple
 To: Angela, I leave some gas for her car
 To: Deni, I leave an 8 ball hacky sack
 To: Shelly, I leave a dress
 To: Heather, I leave two dollars
 To: Brynn, I leave a new lunch bag
 To: Deborah F, I leave a beat up piece of junk car that has a "runs good only on 2 cents" sign in the window
 To: Victoria, I leave Tim Burton
 To: Jason R, I leave a porn star
 To: Loren W, I leave the money he has given me
 To: Angelina, I leave no fear of the darkroom
 To: OMO, I leave a sense of mind
 To: Jason Van, I leave a reminder I want my money back
 To: Germany, I leave a copy of this Savant for Jason
 To: Jessica W, I leave big platform shoes
 To: Tyler T, I leave my memories of his brother Frank
 To: Courtney B, I leave brownies
 To: Keegan, I leave a star
 To: Karen, I leave the ability to hack
 To: Mike Ball, I leave all the magic cards from five jokes
 To: James T, I leave a pair of steel toe tennis shoes
 To: Jennifer K, I leave Hannah

To: Tori, I leave kindness
 To: Erin, I leave a cave to explore (the bat cave)
 To: Jeff H, I leave Shakespeare
 To: Dan N, I leave Pokemon
 To: Ken K, I leave more Pokemon, than Dan
 To: Jenny C, I leave a McDonalds shake
 To: Katie G, I leave a jack rabbit, good eating yum
 To: Hippie, I leave the ability to make brownies
 To: Lizzy, I leave a Karaoke machine
 To: Tyler B, I leave Monty Python
 To: Sally, I leave a new hair color
 To: Michelle A, I leave Erin H., who is in a cave
 To: Alexis B, I leave oh Canada
 To: Tiffany T, I leave an earring
 To: Julia G, I leave Allison, your sister
 To: Devon D, I leave school lunches (be brave)
 To: Kriss H, I leave a sexy leopard skin print hat
 To: Mike Brown, I leave the wisdom I got from his sister?
 To: Lisa W, I leave film that needs to be developed
 To: Joe W, I leave dolphins
 To: Ashley W, I leave Sapae
 To: Tabbatha B, I leave bus fare
 To: Maggie C., I leave magic shrinking potion
 To: Noel G, I leave shiny, happy people
 To: Sam J, I leave a charcoal pencil
 To: Shaunna O, I leave a spoon
 To: See, I leave other side
 To: Yambo, I leave Buddha
 To: Teeter, I leave all my missing work over the years
 To: Kaad, I leave a new table to sit on
 To: Lisa W, I leave a video camera
 To: Brgorig, I LEAVE AN ORANGE

I, Matthew Peter Bunzasteel the XIII (my great grandpa invented the Bunzasteel videos back in Europe), hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: hey! You're not a senior Bunza. Nice try.
 . . . but alas, I've stolen your disk again. I will have a senior will.
 To: Auna, I leave you a beating for leaving me here. You are a jerk.
 To: Caitlin, I leave you my senior will
 To: Hallie and Tabbatha, I leave you rappin', baseball, and the representation of the 503, here at CE Mason. Unfortunately I will be here another year to help you represent it.
 To: Ardy, I leave you the lessons you taught me. I vow to you that I will always pass these lessons down. Thank you, and I'm glad that you're not living like a little French rat in my brother's room anymore. Also, I leave you our memories of muddy knees and long walks on the beach.
 To: Anni Lundgren Hunt, I leave you our memorable walks in the field, fun in photo class, dreams of one day having a picnic with Auna, and Elliot, our lone little hippie friend. Yes, you can have him.
 To: Terry Six, I leave you my guitars, all my recording equipment, and my love (smooch)
 To: Richard Earl Lucas, I leave my prized possession, the family's jewels . . . my bunzasteel (but you can't have them until I die)
 To: Corin, I leave you the song I wrote for you
 To: Isaiah, I leave your freshman girlfriend
 To: Jeremiah, I leave you more gifts

I, Courtney Burback, being of somewhat sound mind and sexy body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Lindsey, I leave my Pink Floyd CDs
To: Deborah, I leave my vast collection of adult videos
To: Jason G, I leave my 73 harem men (and yes, one of them is Latin)
To: Victoria, I leave the cute guy from Buffalo Exchange (he's tied up in my basement - come pick him up at your convenience), and Adam Taylor's (Tigard HS) tush
To: Ashley, I leave all the star jewelry she can fit on her body
To: Michael, I leave your phone number written across truck stop bathroom walls
To: Eric M, I leave my utmost respect and love. You've come as long way.

I, Brian Coffelt, being of perverted mind and dead sexy body hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Scott J, your acronyms!
To: Terry Six, I leave E-tardation
To: Shock Side, I leave keep the clan alive
To: M-Train, I leave you Orgazmo, the infamous Tri-five and freestyle rappin'
To: Norah, I leave I really do have a crush on you :-)
To: Tina and Erika, I leave keep on doing what you girls are doing 'cause guys love that! I know I do.
To: Isaiah, I leave you my stories because you seem to laugh the most!
To: Richard, I leave it was me who told all the freshman that you have a bad reputation because I wanted more prom dates!
To: Ardy, I leave every time I see a mullet I'll think of you
To: Crispy, I leave I know what your real name is

I, Cassie Cooper, being of theorized mind and tired body hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: my little Adam Brauk Brauk, I leave nature walks, a bowl of 2000, a trip to New Orleans, a copy of the butterfly painting, and then I said I love you!
To: Josephine!, I leave effigy fun with you, Nan's ohana, key lime bathroom talks, a certain Mr. Blaze, and history of motion picture gawking
To: Bruce Kaad, I leave undamaged photo filters, freshman year Kurt Cobain poems, and all my love and thanks for opening my mind and making CE a little more tolerable
To: Sarah Gatt Gatt, I leave all the tinys in the world, a pound of Jelly Bellys, a David Bowie in your pocket, and a ghost!
To: Em (Beeks), I leave all our stupid freshman year "boy" talks, walks in the forest, roof top conversations, and JS fun
To: Aaron Gains, I leave Eyes Wide Shut, muscle girls, and \$1.00 for putting on the fish shirt
To: Sally, I leave Rainbow Brite, a butterfly, and an extra car battery
To: Lauren Asay, I leave little frogs, jelly roll pens, a clean darkroom, and late start days
To: Megan Kindree, I leave Kandle's ohana and biology pigs
To: Stephanie, I leave response paper answers
To: Donna, I leave countless, endless drives with Betsy roo, the church,

the other church, Fir Grove, shifler, Council Crest, Bald Peak, that one castle place, the pretty road, the duck pond, and every nook and cranny in B-town

To: Sarah Brown, I leave Coffee People gossip, Strawberry Shortcake, the Beastie Boys, and a lovin' spoon,ful
To: Rachael, I leave evil Spanish bears
To: Norah, I leave tree hugging hippies
To: Tina, I leave Beatrice
To: Ardy, I leave a grilled chicken burrito with black beans and enchilada sauce
To: Bunza, I leave a glass of water
To: Scott, I leave Urban Legends
To: Ike Sanderson, I leave clay mushrooms
To: Tanya, I leave an A+ on your creative project
To: Liz, I leave book # 2, chapters 1 - 594, you

I, Jeremiah Davis, being of an open mind and having a love for a woman's body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Aumbria, I leave anything that you desire
To: Lindsey, I leave gas money
To: Adam, I leave lots of green stuff
To: Erika, I leave a smile
To: Sally, I leave lots of Korn stuff
To: Jessica, I leave better guardians
To: Gina, I leave endless books of boring poetry
To: TJ, I leave lots of Sally's used Korn stuff
To: Ashley, I leave my right eyeball
To: Ashley #2, I leave my left eyeball
To: Crystal, I leave Mickey Mouse
To: Scott, I leave bags of food
To: Ardy, I leave bottles of alcohol
To: Jeff, I leave endless books of boring history
To: Erin, I leave a blow-up doll
To: Matt Bunza, I leave many gifts to show my affection

I, Josephine Davis, being of extraordinary mind and serendipitous body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Emi, I leave phone calls from my garage, "rock Nelson Madela's ass" a gold encrusted cane, a school bus bumper, human chains and folk songs, hot dogs downtown, the anguish of living with a life threatening learning disability, The Breakfast Club, a dysfunctional pueblo, political radicalism, the cute "one less car" guy, our spot at Opal Creek, the kid in the lunch line that made machine gun noises, \$10 worth of gas (aren't you glad you didn't fill my tank?) skittles, days of hassling Ms. Contreras, the rights to publish "The Giant and Josephine," our Mexican man posters, 5 hours in the family mobile with Maria, communism, caffeine pills, Edward Norton, May Day (prom dresses, protests and pasta, what a perfect afternoon) Picasso, ice cream sandwiches, \$13 books, "remember us, were the frauds," a place to stay when your mom leaves, mentos, that sexy guy that drove the MR2 at the carwash (I so should have gotten his number), off campus lunch at McDonalds, returned videotapes, ethnic babies with you know who, a karaoke machine (you cheap bastard), and hope that during these three years I have been as wonderful a friend as you have been to me

To: Amy, I leave my blinking with the utmost care, eight ball jacket, the sacred 10 commandments, McMennimins, my top secret stash of Titanic memorabilia, a van down by the river, the forbidden crush, that guy and the thing on the max that one night, supernatural layout abilities, our shared obsession with fonts, a play date with Arnold, Ginger and Chilo, Jurassic Five, SUSHI, and the fate of publications next year. Make your mother proud.

To: Nikki, I leave my wonderful driving skills, a date with Chet, Asian babies, my 25 dollar parking violation, RVs suck, the crooked screen and smell of dirty feet at Valley Theater, death at Multnomah Falls, late night bidding on e-Bay, the crack in my windshield and of course Jude Law, remember though, we're sharing.

To: Adam Braukman, I leave my inner most secrets, our walking and talking days, Sally Power Forever, our trip to New York, Shakina, LaQuifa, Cheesy Lion King Music at Gerald's, the curse of the voodoo, publications in 10th grade, a decent winter formal date, a Dodge Stratus, spilled soda at Taco Bell, all of our good times at Beaverton Mall, barf action at Who Song and Larry's (that was so horrible) and an invitation to my wedding when I marry Joe. I love you Adam.

To: Caitlin, I leave Days of Our Lives, all of my spilled liquids over the past four years, a motivated, intelligent, committed publications staff, Ms. Love's stimulating lectures, PageMaker is the devil, everything you ever wanted to know about the "Cops and You," Bennett the crazy artist, and the full ride scholarship that you deserve

To: Sarah Gatten, I leave brown power, David Bowie, days of Greece, the mysteries of the universe and Richard Nixon, your own darkroom, Terry's just a little guy, run you God D**n Irish MOFO, oohhh, I'm an axe murderer, my love affair with Conan O'Brien, a good attitude towards menstruation, the atom bomb, the world's new play thing, a tea party at the Japanese Gardens, behind the scenes of the man calendar, Thunder, thunder thunder thunder cats, my Newsradio video archive, and all things Dave Foley

To: Daniel, I leave an awesome prom night, vente caramel apple ciders, Latin American History, "trips" out to our cars, made up stories about law internships and record producers, road trip to Mexico, our lunch rendezvous at McDonalds, and that brief moment standing two feet away from Fiona Apple and staring into her huge beautiful blue eyes

To: Ardy, I leave my dad's Supra, the uncensored senior prophecies, a traced picture of Jack Kerouac, Cinco de Mayo speeches, and happy mullet hunting

To: Cassie Cooper, I leave bathroom talk, green, film history with Mr. Bennett, and our shared "opinions" on anything and everything. I don't know if I would have made it through my junior year if wasn't for you.

To: Rachel Guyton, I leave a closet full of tapered jeans, Jimmy Fallon, the anguish of being vertically challenged, and "Suck it Trebeck!"

To: Emily Beeks, I leave The Super Senior Club, the many conversations to come, and Emily, in my heart you'll always be valedictorian

To: Scott Johnson, I leave the bump on my head from St. Patrick's Day, 20 bucks to wash my Audi babe, and ice skating

To: John Dougherty, I leave graph paper, stimulating conversations with Spencer, a lifetime supply of fruit leathers, salmon, forests, Lewis and Clark, and all of my secrets to running our school

To: Lauren Asay, I leave Tara LaHitler. Now that Sarah and I have moved on, she's all yours to love and cherish. Maintain the tradition of our admiration.

To: Liz, I leave short pants, Jude Law (mmm hmm, that's what I'm talking about), and sweet Ohana memories

To: Jason Rohaly, I leave our golden walkway, too many unwanted ass sightings, Kara Domby, impromptu monologues, and a soulful song about vision quests

To: Tina, I leave our Godfather weekend, Casey and Marty

To: Jeremy Highhouse, I leave my dreams, all of my Abercrombie cloth-

ing, the smell of meatloaf, phone calls and emails about used Celicas, an interrupted conversation, and the shared curse of young kids with cool cars

To: Sally, I leave a tacky job on your yearbook quote. I'm sorry.

To: Stephanie Allen, I leave the ability to shop in the kids department

To: Megan Kindree, I leave memories of camp mosquito and all of my "cute" outfits.

To: Brian Coffelt, I leave a dance, red pajamas, and T-Boz

To: Terry Six, I leave a candlelit dinner with Ken Boddie

To: Mary Fosse, I leave a crusty igloo and a sigh of relief when I realize that people like you will be back next year to keep what little is left alive

To: Ashley Gregg, I leave commitment: an agreement or pledge to completely dedicate ones self and follow through

To: Katie O'Brien, I leave a back massage, the student store, M&Ms, the balloon from the Spanish field trip, a hug and a kiss. I'll miss you sweetie.

To: Richard Lucas, I leave Sears Driving School with Buns and Libby

To: Tara LaHitler, I leave a horrible, slow, painful, downward spiral into oblivion

To: Bruce Kaad, I leave effigy, my respect, my admiration and a thank you for your encouraging words at my most difficult times

To: Orestes Yambouranis, I leave a bonfire of Northwest Passage books, my short-lived rebel without a cause stage, a goldfish in a blender, solitude in the Japanese Gardens, locked car keys, and appreciation for your support, wisdom and understanding

To: Billy Sanderson I leave my photogenic self, the mangled MR2, coffee in Eugene, pitching tents in the dark, our experience as Native American dishwashers, and a riverside confession of my secret admiration for you know who...

To: David Sikking, I leave Corkey impressions, Arts and Communication High School: apathetics and whiners of the world unite, and the time I kicked your ass as a space pirate

To: Ms Eddy, I leave a horrible substitute, an "R" rated movie, "The Daniel and Josephine Show," and regret that you didn't come to us sooner. Gracias por tus consejos y tu sonrisa.

To: Corey, guess what? Daniel, Emi and I left campus for lunch 8 times and you never noticed once! Oh yeah, and I leave you many college girls, a tanning bed, North Face shoe laces, and the physique of Patrick Swayze.

To: Ms. Tateoka, I leave our shared love for elli pierce, the spiritually empowering experience of splitting logs, just around the river bend, chili for a certain chain saw massacre, and the Japanese Bridge

To: ACHS, I leave four years of blood, sweat and many sleepless nights...I'm not bitter.

I, Ardy Fatehi, being of Jessie "the mind" Ventura and of Jessie "the body" Ventura, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Rock n' Roll High School:

To: Jeremy, I leave all of my records (even though you probably have most of them) because I've never met anyone who's had such a strong devotion and lust for punk rock as you have. I also leave "A Day Late and a Dollar Short" and "Feeding of the 5000."

To: Matt, I leave all the drugs, sex, and rock n' roll I owe you, muddy knees, homosexuals, Ken Griffey's baseball, My Turbonegro and Murder City Devils records, your lust to live and party like an irresponsible idiot (I like that) and, above all, I leave you C.E. Mason's throne of destruction and mayhem that was passed down to me by your brother and his comrades. This school is yours now Matt - wreak havoc and

never let the sounds of rock n' roll fade away from these halls.

To: Tina, my high school sweetheart, I leave you my eternal love and one passionate night. (The date will be determined in the near future.) I also leave you that picture of Terry you stole from me (How stupid do you think I am?), and finally I leave you one of those inside jokes left in senior wins that no one gets but the writer and the person it was written for. (See, now I built it up like it's something excellent when it's not.) (Damn it. I hate myself.) I just have one more thing to say, Do they owe us a living? Of course they do. Of course they do. (I think that is the most ridiculous thing I have written in my senior will, I love you Tina.)

To: Norah, I leave my video camera. I also leave you all the things that have happened, good or bad, within the last 10 years I've known you.

To: Erika, I leave Tijuana, some mermaid crap, sunshine, and my penis.

To: Corin, Pod #4, I leave the Mexico trip and our pact, your high heels that I took, (that sounds really perverted), the Rock, the time(s) we fought in Brian's basement, (I still can't get that thing I said about high heels out of my head. That sounds really bad, but I swear that I don't some sort of foot fetish.) (I swear.) and your strong conviction to live your life to the fullest.

To: Joel, I leave dexe's, computer junk, film junk, NOFX junk, and a whole lot of junk - plus breaking records over our heads, Tri- met adventures, Rick Springfield, Boogie Nights, the Dark Ages and the blur we call Freshmen year.

To: Brian Coffelt, I leave the Mexican party, and a pink tutu. If I was a hot girl Brian, I would so do you. (First I'd myself though.)

To: Erica H., I leave all my books and (I hope) a bit of late night wisdom - educate yourself kid, don't become another casualty of public high school. (And stop being so damn indecisive!)

To: Isaiah, I leave late night trips to Albertson's every night for three months, everything having to do with the Goons of Destruction (that project was our child), the Beast, man camping, our Church of Elvis marriage, every day pertaining to destruction, nachos at thee O, RBL Posse, Ramsey, all the shows we've gone to over the last four years, my hat you took the first day of school, Donny Earl Fite III, and the lost tapes featuring Anarchy Ardy, D Donkey, and the Polyester King

To: John, I leave many nights hosted by P.B.C, that dalmation from up the street, the Beat Generation, my bird Cheech (R.I.P.), U2's hit single, "With or Without You," Rick Wednesday, a brick of lard, a bunch of Irish crap (cause you is Irish), San Francisco (you should have been there), Tony Montana, those gross cheese-filled hot dogs (I hate those things so much!), man camping, all your movies I have, Midnight Intruders, bowling, the knowledge that I will always keep the secret that you are not the nice and sensitive guy all the ladies think you are, and I leave you (I hope) a bit of wisdom which is not even close to all the wisdom you have given me throughout the years. Oh, and I leave you a seventh century Celtic sword, so that some day we may sword fight one another on the hills of Scotland, the victor taking the loser's head and his strengths, because you see my Irish companion, (that's not meant in a sexual way), there can only be one.

To: Richard, I leave the Pinups - the greatest bowling team west of the Mississippi (you were the best lil' Dick!), the Beast, the Goons of Destruction, Brian's house, Chili, fruit, Baskin Robbins, fudge in your ears, man camping, poker night (did that ever even happen?), and the Bin Boarding movie - nothing makes a girl hotter than an award winning film maker

To: Elliot, I leave the first chair position in Curbside, I hate you, so much

To: Jason Rohaly, I leave all those hippie love songs, weiner dogs, and raw chicken

To: Josephine, I leave all the time and effort I devoted to all school's publications. I also leave you more of my crap, I mean art, for effigy.

And tell Marty to call me sometime, we're gonna party.

To: Trent "Aaron" Gaines I leave you the title "Trent" - keep in mind Trent is not a name, it is a sacred title such as Ayatollah or Kaiser. Cherish it.

To: Shaunna O'Brien, I leave you John, I'm through with him, he's all yours

To: Penny Tateoka, I'm sorry about all the racial remarks and Hiroshima jokes, actually, I'm not sorry. I leave you a bottle of Olive Garden Entree Wine. Only the best. Hospitaliano.

To: Ane', I leave you a magical blanket that will forever keep you warm when you sleep

To: Mr. Bennett, I leave you my heart, you're the only reason I'm still in school

To: Sally, I leave you the "If . . ." book we stole from OSU

To: Lorena, I leave you nothing and if you have a problem with that you can confront me and I'll leave you a slap in the face

To: Butt Rock Brad, you're a real jerk, good job. Keep it up. Get a Camaro.

To: Emi, I leave you Advil for all the headaches I've given you - you're a mischievous girl, although many people don't realize it, keep the corruption alive

To: Amy, I leave you Excedrin for the headache I gave you when you had to help me cross out over 1,000 "bad words" in every issue of Savant because a certain idiot didn't (and still doesn't) realize the significance behind censorship

To: Caitlin, I leave you alone. I know you hate me very much. But I've always had this crush on you and I'm sorry that I've been an unreliable, irresponsible, bothersome, loud jerk all these years. I won't talk to you ever again.

To: Gina and Jezzika, I leave you guys my calculator with top of the line video games like Pong, Star Wars, and Pod Racer, and all the tests you guys helped me with. Thanks for helping me pass math.

To: Brady, I leave you a piece of punk rock, don't ever let anything else get in the way of sex, drugs, and rock n' roll

To: Sarah Brown, I'm not going to leave you anything because you said you weren't going to leave me anything. But regardless of all that, I'm still going to give you a big hug.

To: Denise, I leave you my phone number, because you're hot.

To: Tabbatha King, I don't know you very well, but I still like you so I want to leave you something, so you can have my couch. It's a good couch and it needs a good home.

To: Tonto, I leave my ancient tribal opium bongs (yes, Native Americans did smoke opium!), and the promise to smoke the peace pipe with you at the end of the year.

To: Hallie, I don't know what to leave you other than my heart, and the promise that I'm gonna take you out on a fantastic date this summer, and I swear I won't try to take advantage of you this time.

To: Courtney Castleman, I leave you my Fritz Lang films and Gestapo

To: Mariclare, I leave you my car and a pink elephant with a mustache. He is a good pink elephant.

To: Randy and Paul, I leave you jerks my portfolio so you can fill it with wonderful artwork. Paul, I leave you my little black book, alphabetically categorized, an A-F grade for every chick. (Don't call the girls who have anything below a C average.)

To: Scott, my little retarded brother, I leave my Fear record, my studded belt, the magic bowl, Starship Troopers, my Crass t-shirt, some good chicken, Goldeneye, my 1974 Chewbacca Pez dispenser, Jack D., Swastika Penis, (look at the clouds), Blanks 77, Ska whore, the punk rock quiz, McMennamin's, some bad chickens, college girls, Richard's little sister, radio, radio, radio girl, Freshmen Fights, the deflowering shed, e-bay, patches, the Quincy Punx, the Hall Game, sports, Grant, and the Mexican Knife, Sons of Sam, Suburban Roots, Aus

Rotten, a grease rag, AC/DC, Black Sabbath, and the legacy of punk rock, may your roots never rot

To: Terry, I leave Popeye's Fried Chicken, WWF Raw is War, steak nights, PBR, Silent Scope in Vancouver B.C., KISS, Boogie Nights, Fight Club (I am your Tyler Durden, and you are my Tyler Durden), the Crossbow/basketweave, Puedo Chavez, Henry's Hef, Big Lebowski, Swingers, Zeke, TRNBGR, Clyde, the second Blanks 77 show, Joey Ramone Party, Donna A and Donna R (I'm done with them), sexy Spanish women, Bob (Chucho), Assassins, T-Bone's Revenge, Spider Babies, CoCo Jackson, Dolomite and the Disco Godfather, Rudy Ray Moore, my high school sweetheart, and (oh yes) finally, (last but certainly not least) Brian Peterson

And Finally, To: The Academy of Arts and Excellence, I leave. . . well, you'll see. But for now I will take all that I can before I leave your humble establishment, for you have taken much from me. You took away the Ardy Fatehi Memorial vending machines, you took the student lounge, you took John Jensen, you took Freshmen Fights, and above all, you took my ambition. Veni Vini Vici

I, Sarah Gatten, being of ziggy stardust mind and spiders from Mars body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Lauren, I leave liquid dancing in a dark, loud, smelly room; pictures of a child molester named Candy; creepy drawings of a math teacher; movie Wednesday; rude signs (PS: that picture looks like that one, and that one looks like this one . . .)

To: Jason, I leave underwear, Cat-Girl, many apologies, and all my friendship and love

To: Adam, I leave well deserved happiness, my friendship, a new school, many e-mails, and an emergency run to the post office. Oh yeah, beware the power of Voodoo!

To: Mary, I leave a guy from the future, tofu, convertible car rides with Cry Baby, and the "Drags" everyday in the darkroom. Sweet Jesus!

To: Josephine, I leave a BRWNPWR (brown power) license plate, 1968 and "I am not a crook, not a crook . . .," Tara LaHitler (ain't she sexy?), the wish that after your wedding day your last name will be Foley, an axe murderer, an ever-expanding universe, Jenna Lee and Kara, and my love and laughter

To: Cassie, I leave a guy that treats you right, green and froggies, Lazarvana (ha ha ha, what freshman we were), the Haunted Mouse House, a campfire

To: Nathan Lucas, I leave more signs for the darkroom, more loud music, students that clean up after themselves and don't overlap photos, movie Wednesdays, and my thanks for turning out to be cool (PS: I'm keeping my apron!)

To: Ike, I leave my continuing thanks for tenth grade . . . I think you'll remember why. Thank you!

To: Mrs. Teeter, I leave all my respect

To: the Academy, I leave a thank you

To: the rest of you kids, I leave Tara LaHitler for one more year and "Spread your broken wings and learn to fly, all your life . . ."

I, Erika Gudmundsen, being of dirty mind and luscious body hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Scott Johnson, I leave making college food in Ardy's kitchen and hot chicks that never show up at parties

To: Terry, I leave sitting on my stairs, laughing at Brian for two hours on Mexican Fiesta Night and trying to burn down my house

To: Hallie, I leave beauty and my phone number (640-8726) so that we'll actually hang out someday

To: Erica Hailstone, I leave a fly guy that you deserve

To: John D, I leave burying Ardy's hermit crab

To: Richard, I leave late nights of Trivial Pursuit and drunken girl talks

To: Brian, I leave a girl

To: Corin, I leave getting lost in San Jose, lap dances, and Tijuana taxis

To: Jeremy, I leave laughing at your ridiculous comments, Paula Abdul, and stealing Richard's shed

To: Matt Bunza, I leave playing tricks on Ardy

To: Isaiah, I leave hair spray, Salt n Peppa, and my Doritos in Spanish class

To: Ardy, I leave Tabasco sauce, NO "thingies," adventure, freedom, Tijuana, and your bad influence on me

To: Norah, I leave lap dances, condoms, and a guy that doesn't treat you like crap and visa versa

To: Emily Beeks, I leave beauty and life

To: Mr. Kaad, I leave my sarcastic comments, motivation, and good times

To: Penny, I leave Community Service Day, my 85 year old boyfriend, and some medication

To: Sarah Brown Cow, I leave sitting at Coffee People in the freezing cold rain

To: my Tina, I leave late nights with my mom and Reba, stupid guys, self confidence, girl talk, making money on Mexican Fiesta Night, cruising with Warren G and Nate Dog, love, life, friendship, everything that I am and will become, my heart, my sex, and my love

I, Rachael Guyton, being of beautiful mind and compact body, hereby bequeath to the following items from my senior estate to peoples in my phat posse at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Megan, I leave the heater at the end of the hall (or, as I prefer to think of it, the Assassinator 2000), parties in the bathroom, your face powder all over my backpack, my phobia of feet, that boring Halloween party in Wilsonville, New Years' Eve, housesitting and forcing poor Ditka and Vinny to wear those bows, girly sleepovers and all of our shopping trips where I'd buy the whole mall and you'd buy . . . well . . . incense <laugh>, and all the organic food and bread I bummed off of you at lunch while we froze our you-know-whats off outside. Furthermore, of course I leave you Paula Poundstone memories, Oklahoma-is-o.k.!, Dogshow, the cute guy at Nature's, shopping at Haggen's at 11:30 at night, the horse that tried to kill me, funky Ricotta cheese and our sad attempt at making cataloni with hot sauce (God, we're smart), bitching sessions and incredibly long emails, the South Park party we always say we'll have and never do, the hot tub, Ohana, "too bad . . ." "and then . . ." "I'll show you . . ." and "it's ALL ABOUT . . .", the trip we'll take to New Orleans (don't worry, Juan can come, but just know, he's mine and don't you forget it!). Finalzy, I leave you Independent Photography and Graphic Design, quoting lines from South Park and, lastly, my total corrupting of your sweet, innocent soul. And, oh, by the way, is your dad a baker? 'Cuz, honey, you gotta nice set of buns

To: Karly, I leave all the rides you graciously gave me every day home from school, the doors that don't open and the one that won't close, spring break and the Jurassic Park ride (I'm still traumatized from that I hope you know), the Hard Rock Cafe, my never-ending, all-consum-

ing, encompassing hatred of you in Advanced Art <laugh>, Austin Power-vich, all my perfectionism, teasing Julie in Drawing, Uno Games in the car (which I still say I rightfully won!), Irish Drinking Songs, swinging in the park, my stool at Blockbuster, honking at joggers, Ms. Teeter and her rastafarian inner self, our shared, mutual, caring tolerance of others <smirk>, and, lastly, Mike Myers (I trust you know what to do with him . . .)

To: Lauren, I leave all my bad pick-up lines, swing-dancing at the Crystal Ballroom, Independent Math, horrifying memories of "Crotchman" <shudder>, traumatizing Steve every day in class, our spot at the end of the hall, a footrest, conversations about farm animals <wink wink, nudge nudge>, a darkroom where no one mixes the chemicals or overlaps the photos, a lunch so you'll have something to eat for once, Drawing I, another pair of those dingy jeans you love so much, and three years of making fun of each other, oh, wait, I mean three years of friendship! Right, friendship! That's what I said! <laugh>

To: Amy, I leave YOU! Hehehe, Amy, I leave you an endless supply of sushi and cold tofu, a van down by the river, Chris Kattan and the Backstreet Boys all wrapped up in a pretty pink bow, our failed attempt at highlighting your hair, Miss Saigon, shopping for winter formal gowns, Westside, an actual radio for your car and an alarm to protect it (now, that will involve you actually locking your car doors for once Amy, but don't worry, we'll take it slow), a giant bat to hit stupid customers with, a bucket of peach extract, all of our lunches at Red Robins, "I'm awful sorry!", Kids in the Hall, a house that doesn't smell like ass <laugh>, coming to a full and complete stop at stop signs, a world where all layouts are run by and approved by you, a grand collection of Barbies, your ability to always make me laugh, some of my anal-retentive grammatical skills, a marathon on Comedy Central of nothing but Margaret Cho and Caroline Rhea, more balls for your dogs and lasers for them to fight off the Martians with, a 6 foot 3 inch tall husband with no blue coats and an excellent fashion sense, and a chance for you to see me walk up to a guy and yell, "Stick it in!"

To: Tiffany, I leave chickens clucking, booty-shakin' ghetto music, our table in Kaad's room, random dances on the table in Yambo's room, sun-burnt backs and bellies, a laminated copy of Sophie's World for your personal reading collection (complete with all of my stickies, laugh), a job where all your hard work is appreciated and people don't ask you if you serve coffee while you're standing right there by the freakin' cappuccino maker (and something large to smack them upside the head with if they do), our trip to see Ani DiFranco, Gramma Dama's Donuts, all my good wishes on your life in Washington, and a world where you'll be accepted and loved for the great person that you are. Whoa, wait a minute here, did I just say something nice? I'll have to make up for this somehow . . . watch your back . . . hehehe

To: Brockman, I leave a personal Masseuse and a thousand back rubs, the memory of us trying to get into Evergreen to see There's Something About Mary and having to go to McDonald's instead, some actual facial hair (ah, don't be mad, you know I love ya), and being the only guy I'll ever let get away with calling me shorty

To: Sally, I leave you stalking me all of first semester (not to mention all the way from junior high! Jeez, leave me alone already! <laugh>), and a closet full of more cool t-shirts for your wearing pleasure

To: Jeremy, I leave Regis Philbin and all of his shiny ties (is that your final answer?!), a basket of bagels, and your finally joining the 11/12 team (just as I'm graduating, ha ha, I'm older than you!)

To: Corin, I leave butt-long braids for your hair, "baby I got ya money," photography, photocopies of all my notes for response papers, C.E. Mason-drunk-glasses and some actual cute guys at the school so you won't need them, and a thanks for letting me into your theater for free that time (drop by my work anytime babe)

To: Katie, I leave your being the coolest sophomore there is, mad guitar

skills, and my eternal, passionate, secret, undying love for you . . . oh, crap, did I just say that outloud?! .Damn't! Oh well, I guess then that I just leave you much props 'cuz yo' hell'a' cool, keep kickin' it old school with the C.E. Mason crew <laugh>

To: Stephanie, I leave Jammin' 95.5, all your cute little outfits, better stuff for seniors, and being the coolest short chick at our school (next to me of course, grin)

To: Deborah, I leave Spanish II, Photography II, Graphic Design II (wait, am I seeing a pattern here or what? What the heck?), and your moving on to Seniordom (carry the torch well my child, hehehe, my child, you're like only a year younger than me, but oh well . . .)

To: Mr. Sanderson, I leave making me actually like and pass science for the first time in my life, and years of letting me tease you incessantly. I tease because I care . . . snort . . . darn, I thought I could say that without laughing! Oh well, you know I love ya you big Macintosh man you!

To: Yambo, I leave the picture I took of you on the Amtrak train (mocking laughter), another one of those spinning frog things that will actually keep spinning through class, the guy on the front of that album you used to have sitting on your piano that looks EXACTLY like you (in case you never noticed), and a sudden, unexplained burning desire to never give another response paper as long as you live at the count of three, ready? Okay . . . one . . . two . . . three! Did it work? No?! Man! Oh well, then I guess I leave you a name that's less than eleven syllables <laugh>

To: Josephine, I leave tapered jeans, some Barbies for your deprived inner child, a prophecy of you becoming the acclaimed and admired editor of Vanity Fair, and the memory of being the first person I met at this school, you were a cutie then and you're a cutie now

To: The school and everyone I've left out, I leave the most challenging, but by far the best four years of my small existence . . . Thanks for everything and I'll see y'all later. And if you don't see me, remember, you probably need to look down . . . hehehe!

I, Erin Hegberg, being of flighty mind and mediocre body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Deanna, I leave my crown, title, some candy hearts and baklava

To: Joe, I leave a pale horned gerbil on crack . . . Deanna will explain

To: Jennifer Kenenos, I leave MacKenzie, Chris in Chicago, and people who can read out loud well

To: Lotus, I leave Noah Wylie, a chicken in a tree, and beaver boy

To: Katie Seiler, I leave organic chocolate . . . and I take your painting talent

To: Duckie, I leave Sven, the sex fiend road rage duck

To: Keegan, I leave a perfect audition tape, and being tired

To: Brittany, I leave San Francisco (bah!) . . . and I take your scarf

To: Michelle Alexander, I leave: my car, a week w/o curfews, Scott Cohen, a great male lead, and "love"

To: QT(3.14), I leave lots of paper to write on, a job at Subway, Trista when we want her, and honest to gosh, no strings attached, undoubtable love and support

To: Ty, I leave rock climbing gear, empty glow sticks, and a key

To: Julia, I leave THE GALLERY!! It's yours! I never have to deal with it again! Oh joyous days! . . . and a bunch of slaves to help you with it

To: Van Mourik, I leave Les Mis and a hawkie, a US driver's license, and the ability to carry a tune

To: Jared Meados, I leave a diploma(!), a Johnny Depp action figure, and double decker tacos

To: Yambo, I leave an ohana with perfect attendance, A-/B+'s, sarcasm + cynicism

To: Bruce, I leave a great big THANK YOU for all the wonderful books you've shown us

To: all those who have left, I leave blue skies

To: all those who are leaving, I leave cleansing rain

To: all those who are left, I leave a rainbow (thanks Jon)

I, Jeffrey Hinman II, being of growing mind and tireless body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Gina, I leave the swirling chaos of the ineffable void

To: Dan New and A & C, I leave my accent

To: Lisa Muta, I leave my knowledge of the cosmos

To: Katie Gee, I leave Ireland with all its magic

To: Erin Hegberg, I leave blush roses and borrowed notes

To: Spencer, I leave the A & C mantel of world domination

To: Kim, I leave the cherry tree in North field

To: Jo-Jo-Jo-Jo, I leave the sun, really pretty things, and my beard

To: everyone who I've left out (and I beg your pardon for it), I leave everything you could ever possibly want that could be attained in keeping with the balance of nature and the laws of the universe

I, Richard Lucas, being of Goon mind and caffinated body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Scott Johnson, I leave uncontrollable sexual urges

To: Terry Six, I leave the legend of chupa cabra, and Terminator 2 pin-ball.

To: Jeremy Gage, I leave drunk businessmen, and no Ken!

To: Matt Bunza-Steel, I leave Enumalaw and the ultimate in private dining experiences

To: Future Goon Punx, I leave the Beast! May it be as good to you as it was to me.

To: Chloe, I leave a handswear and your unforgettable love letter

To: Ardy Fatehi, I leave things that can't be written in a school publication

To: Isaiah Summers, I leave all the trash you left in my car

To: Corin Summers, I leave a ride for Isaiah

To: Joel Goodman, I leave a helping hand back to the party

To: the ladies, I leave a Beast and a back massage

I, Emiko Masunaga, being of soured mind and prodigious body hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Josephine, I leave The Blair Witch Project, The Breakfast Club, Lombard and let it be, a lifetime supply of nice pens, the Moonlight Sonata at lunchtime, lime Otter Pops, the Super Senior Club, lawn chairs as furniture, chicken nuggets, Jude Law, a male hooker, a Christmas card, McDonalds, herbal speed and caffeine pills, orange juice, Mr. Bennet, James Taylor, power walking, Trashley Gregg with a life long commitment, Opal Creek, that is so good, Nancy's ohana, Ms. Kandle's tears, Absolut Vodka, Latin American lit and Gabriel Marquez/Pablo

Neruda . . . and anything else that I have forgotten. I leave you then, with comfort and praise, a place deep in my heart. Adios.

To: Amy, I leave a lifetime supply of binders, Sharis, a new working window for your car and (just in case) plastic garbage bags, Art Media and Georgies, a truck stop in the horizon, math class (integrated 1, 2, and 3), a symphony, Miss Saigon, and a hope that we will always be friends

To: Caitlin, I leave a box of matches to burn one Savant and an unfinished musical

To: Emily, I leave an apathetic attitude and complaining, plus the Super Senior Club

To: Adam, I leave twenty bucks and eye drops

To: Bruce Kaad, I leave one foster child, may you continue to cherish and love those you educate

To: Ike, I leave three complete hikes

To: Jason, I leave pipeline - ten miles South of . . .

To: Sarah, I leave Kerns juice, any kind but strawberry

To: John D, I leave a barf bag, don't throw up in my sister's car

To: Ardy, I leave math tests, you bastard

To: Scott, I leave twenty bucks, an Audi, and a cell phone

To: Rachel, I leave a vote for democracy, go for Gore (even though he's a lying, fourteen caret gold a**hole)

To: David Sikking, I leave foul language and The Little Mermaid

To: Penny, I leave a deeper understanding of the metaphysical bond between the Japanese/Native American experience

To: Corey, I leave a teaching degree, tight pants, and solid shirts

To: Javadi, I leave a tape I never returned and chicklets

To: Shawna, I leave a devoted prom committee

To: Sean, I leave Waiting for Godot

I, Jordan McGinnis, being of loco mind and sore body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Brandon Reinien, I leave my mad climbing skills and even better falling abilities

To: Caitlin Scholl, I leave Jason Rohaly to yell at and tell him to shut up

To: Jason Rohaly, I leave my tan that I lost once summer was over

To: all the CE Sk8 kids, I leave my broken boards and trashed shoes

To: Vince, I leave my filming skills that he won't be able to do anything with

To: Rosencrantz, I leave five inches of height which I don't need but he does

To: the staff who didn't let me skate, I leave me skating off your campus yelling obscenities. I still ain't grown up.

To: all the fine girls, I leave me, who's leaving and I'm drinking milk

I, Shaunna O'Brien, being of cruel and spectacularly witty mind and hairy, underdeoderized, unperfumed, au' nat-ural body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Laura McNulty, I leave steppin' to the projects

To: Katie Osborne, I leave the yang and a sunny day

To: Terry Six, I leave pink fingernail polish, a red high heeled pump, and a spray bottle full of water so your ceramics won't dry out

To: Lauren Asay, I leave suspicious looks and I like your blue self-portrait

To: Mary Fosse, I leave Ha Ha! Another year of school, good wishes on conquering all, good luck on finding that perfect college, and a black skirt and tank top (maybe)

To: Corey Stone, I leave a gymnastics horse so you can stay in shape, tiny white shirts so everyone knows you're in shape, and a bunch of bratty new freshmen to chase around so all that work doesn't go to waste

To: Tina, I leave thanks for 1000 oceans, I know someday you'll be famous and I will tell everyone "Hey, I knew her in high school."

To: Sarah, I leave sneaky plans to put on ski masks and uhh . . . turn our favorite person back to her true rock form

To: Emilineika, I'm not leaving you anything . . . I think instead I will follow you to U of O he he he . . .

To: Crystal Smith, I leave a loony teacher's made up sign language during a certain singing class

To: Caitlin, I leave directions to Reed College

To: John, I leave hopes that you can keep community service day, Savant, and effigy going for another year

I, Jason Rohaly, being of surf mind and sand body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Ardy, I leave the lunch line and hippy songs

To: Scott, I leave you good taste in music and no sloppy playing (just kidding)

To: Shaunna, I leave walks in the rain and hide and go seek

To: Brady, I leave many fun trips this summer

To: Caitlin, I leave two years of good times and a year of bad

To: Erica, I leave a shoulder to cry on and many long conversations about jerk guys

To: Sarah, I leave my friendship and many nights of me running around naked. PS: good luck this summer we will see you when you get back.

To: Hallie, I leave wrestling on my bed and my crazy dad

To: Elliot, I leave a band that will make us rich and my love

To: Kara, I leave you the depths of my soul, all the love I can give to my wide eyed girl forever (but it is a secret, don't tell anyone), and a road trip that I can't wait to go on. PS: my mom will love you, because I do.

To: John, I leave the blues and long bike rides in the night.

To: Yambo, I leave camping trips and not thinking before I talk. P.S: thanks for all the help, I couldn't have done it without you.

To: Kaad, I leave a big heart, you teddy bear

To: Lucas, I leave the wandering cat and the inspiration that you give

To: Lauren, I leave the darkroom noises and my booty shakes in the night

To: those that I missed, I leave a kiss!!!!!! MOKAONE.

I, Isaac Sanderson, being of scientifically consistent mind and slightly aged body, hereby bequeath the following items from my teacherly estate to my colleagues and students at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Penny Tateoka, I leave a warm sleeping bag and an open invitation for tea and tarot in Eugene

To: Debbie Teeter, I leave my closet filing system (the Salmon unit is stacked next to Silent Spring)

To: Bruce Kaad, I leave Friday afternoon "beverage" quests. And my new email for more daily jokes.

To: Yambo, I leave pennyloafer protectors for those Duck games next

fall. And a shopping mall where we can leave the women.

To: David Sikking, I leave my email prowess and video of "Voyage of the Salmon Hero"

To: Corey Stone, I leave a big steaming mug of black-as-night coffee. And a shower.

To: Shawna McMillen, I leave a perfectly filled out attendance sheet

To: Mark Eisele, I leave a school with no water balloon fights

To: Lauren Asay, I leave my biography of Supercontinentman (it ends badly for him).

To: Emily Beeks, I leave a lifetime supply of small items to label for me and a Valedictorianship in my mind

To: Katrina Bennett, I leave (see Marian Lucas)

To: Josephine Davis, I leave the great Native American river experience. And just wait till college.

To: John Dougherty, I leave a rewarding career in which you teach

To: Ardy Fatehi, I leave a dictatorship over a small nation of Elvis impersonators

To: Lotus Ferguson, I leave a saddle sticker that reads, "Auckland or bust." Indeed.

To: Brandon Fessler, I leave a vote for next year's "most likely to succeed"

To: Randy Gerhardt, I leave my address in Eugene for future art patronage. And a razor for that goatee.

To: Rachael Guyton, I leave my ability to lead a camping trip without ever lifting a finger

To: Erica Hailstone, I leave a funky "Shaky Ground" and a car that works. (Did I mention that Honda minivans are a sweet ride?)

To: Scott Johnson, I leave my membership to the Paul Weller fan club

To: Jennifer Kennemer, I leave a published novel better than Stephen King's latest

To: Brynn Kibert, I leave a 6 on both Organization and Delivery. Make that a 7.

To: Megan Kindree, I leave an abundance of good "energy" and a science course you haven't taken

To: Tabbatha King, I leave mature IT groups

To: Marian Lucas, I leave (see Katrina Bennett)

To: Emi Masunaga, I am TAKING your willingness to "do the deuce" in the wild. I'm leaving you deep, meaningful campfire conversations.

To: Paul McCollum, I leave the ability to deftly handle female attention and not miss opportunities

To: Amy Romaine, I leave Belgian chocolate. And a vinyl copy of Led Zeppelin 4.

To: Jason Rohaly, I leave my Birkenstocks, granola, and rainshell with reinforced elbows for treehugging

To: Caitlin Scholl, I leave the illusory ideal spouse and an elusive campus house

To: Adam Taylor, I leave a well deserved editorship, with deadlines you meet

To: Karen VanRaden, I leave the throne of the nine kingdoms and a lucky wolf of your own

To: Hallie Williams, I leave a school that starts at 9am and a star to follow

To: Spencer Wilson: a kingdom of eastern europeans upon which to force your will.

To: all hikers, I leave Camp Mosquito. (It's the exit AFTER Sunriver)

To: all Windoze users, I leave a better machine; a Mac.

To: ALL of my Ohanians, I leave an Ohana teacher that gets drafts back within a reasonable time period. But s/he won't love you like I do.

To: everyone at ACHS, I'm taking with me the memories of your role in the best three years of my life so far. (even including that regrettable

sock puppet incident)

To: next year's science teacher, I leave the job's greatest prerequisite: a sense of humor

I, Caitlin Scholl, being of esoteric mind and aesthetically pleasing body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Tina Baianu, I leave the Coffee People vortex (once you're an employee you never come out)

To: Emily Beeks, I leave your amazing talents and peaceful nature

To: Sarah Brown, I leave the two most exciting years of ohana anyone has ever known, my favorite car (may it rest in peace), and African dance

To: Matt Bunza, I leave Nathan Lucas and your "senior" will

To: Josephine Davis, I leave commitment and motivation - the two qualities we never found in a publications staff and the two qualities you have plenty of, professionalism, a wild semester in Mexico (eat a lot of good food for me, okay?), being blunt and concise, Jude Law in the morning (please return him at night, oh, I'll find you), Ben Harper, those riveting Cinco de Mayo assemblies, and burning the midnight oil

To: Captain John Dougherty, I leave the pristine beauty to be found down old logging roads, future poetry readings at Coffee Time, camping, and listening to scratched vinyl records surrounded by used books. Don't worry, I think everyone will forget about salmon, dams, and Lewis and Clark over the summer. Oh, and I have to meet your parents one of these days.

To: Ardy Fatehi, I leave our extraordinary rock opera "Myth Wars," Beat aspirations, and the truth: you think I hate you but really your unreliable, irresponsible, bothersome, loud, jerk ways are extremely attractive. Especially when you say you'll do something and don't, and then try to talk your way out of taking responsibility for it. How could I not have a crush on you?

To: Jason Franz, I leave good books, good food, good music, and good art. What more could you ask for? Don't even think of leaving.

To: Scott Johnson, I leave the perfect girl

To: Bruce Kaad, I leave all the books you lent me over the years. More importantly, though, you always had the uncanny ability of knowing exactly what I needed to hear. Thank you for always having time and patience. I'll miss you, but don't think you can get rid of me that easily.

To: Tabbatha King, I leave all the laughter I can summon for all the times I disappointed you

To: Nathan Lucas, I leave motivated students who actually clean up after themselves. I know this is asking a lot from a group of high school students, we'll just enjoy the bad coffee and good service at Lyons.

To: Ike Sanderson, I leave the hikes and camping trips we should have gone on, reminiscing, and dreams. Even though I won't be in Eugene next year, I can't wait to see yours come true.

To: Hallie Williams, I leave the last remnants of style these halls will ever know (you're so fly girl), the ingenious music of Portishead, Blackalicious, and Miles Davis, and the voice of Saul Williams. I'll never forget an old, withered hand on Tri Met (or better yet, your exaggerated recounting of it), your steady diet of granola, saltines, apples and water, beautiful jewelry, and Ani at Katie's old place. Don't forget our plans for a double date with pasta, wine, and dancing - even though it will probably translate into playing bones on a Saturday night while ten trillion boys call for your little sister (keep an eye on her) - and taking Ike to the Paradox. One of these days we'll actually go through with our plans, but that last camping trip will always be memorable (my babied puppy, setting our tents in a ravine in the rain, and what were those people planning on doing as we were leaving). We might

not always make time for each other but you're still my best friend.

To: Orestes Yambouranis, I leave the coolest name in the entire school, a two dimensional Buddha (though it will never come close to the real thing), and the best lectures of my life

I, Corin Summers, being of critical mind and tantalizing body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Norah, I leave the Backstreet Boys, strip poker, long nights at Texaco with our fountain guy cups, and my deepest love

To: Erika, I leave laughter, Mexico, and directions, even though we don't need them

To: Tina, I leave crazy Asian disease and beautiful red hair

To: Richard, I leave a shoulder I could always rely on and favors you would only do for me and Billy Joel

To: Brian, I leave viva la Shelia's chi-chis

To: Ardy, I leave my inhibitions, adventures, and stolen goods

To: Terry, I leave dancing . . . ya dance, dance, ya dance

To: Scott, I leave the bull I grabbed by the horn and the ghost behind the screen of Aud #1

To: Erica H, I leave secrets, appreciation, and the most beautiful girl who deserves nothing but the best

To: Shaunna, I leave thanks for helping me grow

To: Bruce Kaad, I leave a writer not a diarist, warm smiles, and a beautiful heart

To: Sarah, I leave Coffee Time

To: Matt Bunza, I leave beautiful songs and someone to wrestle with

To: Jeremy, I leave my heart and Hateland. May Hateland prosper.

To: Katie, I leave everything I am and the only person who has ever truly been my boyfriend

To: Isaiah, I leave DISNEYLAND, a jar of pickles, E-tardation, The Rolling Stones, Foxy Fairlane, Farrels, AND ALL MY LOVE!

To: myself, I leave FREEDOM!

I, Isaiah Summers, being of communist mind and a top rate, GQ body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: freshmen, I leave you three years, then I'm coming back for you!

To: Jeremy, I leave a six pack of Coke and appetite for destruction

To: Terry, I leave the GTO that I have hidden in my garage and escaping from the sweat shack

To: Ardy, I leave The Goons of Destruction, Albertsons beverage runs, the stick game, and a lot of suave

To: Corin, I leave my love, 64 1/2 blue Mustang, ferrets, the back of the Fairlane, Tijuana hotels, Disneyland cat, Sparky the Tijuana dog, Top Ramen stir fry, steel reserve, the floor of Brian's living room, Neil Diamond, Love You Babes

To: Tina, I leave Regulators, thanks for them greens, thanks for everything

To: Erika, I leave ODB, crusin', Mexico, everything we've done together, keep it real E (and that girl with the big eyes that gave you the bunny)

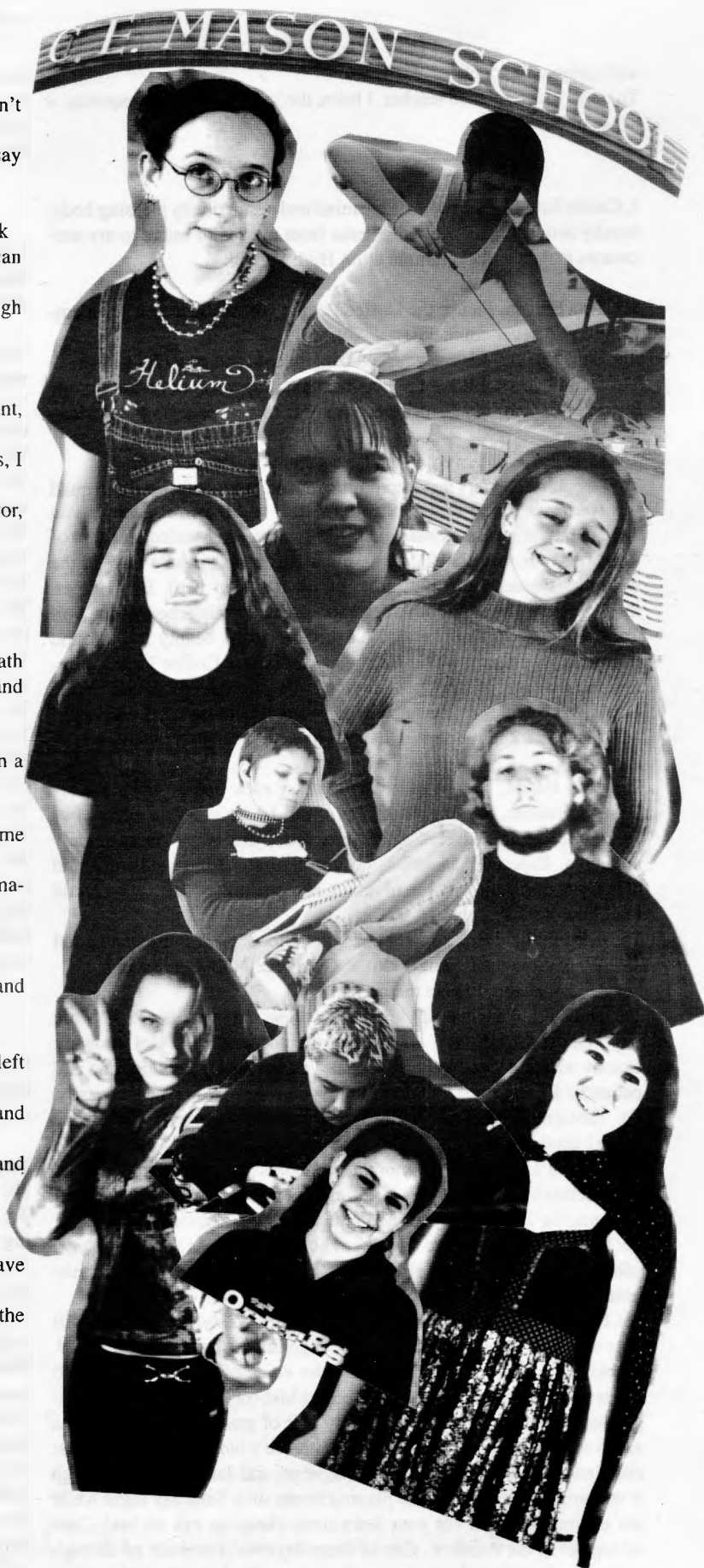
To: Rich, I leave Sleaze 3, The Goons of Destruction, and every club we've been kicked out of

To: Brian, I leave your story about 89. Everything you have ever said has put me in a good mood. You'se da man.

To: Scott, I leave fond memories of Diaden's house
 To: Johnny D, I leave the Beast
 To: Brady, I leave mentally challenged kids from middle school
 To: Matt Bunza, I leave my soul. You're the only one I trust. Don't play with it for it doesn't trust you like I do. If you tickle it just right, though, he might just say hello to you.
 To: Mr. Kaad, I leave some poetry
 To: Tabs, I leave hair care products, clay in your face, and dyke rock
 To: Jackie (the breaker), I leave stupid rave stories and that Jamaican you seem to fancy
 To: Norah, I leave Rachel's parties, the past three years of my high school drama, and really good times (damn, I wanted you)
 To: Corey, I leave I have tighter pants than you
 To: Louise, I leave Marty the Mouse and creepy stories
 To: Erica H, I leave creepy stories, the talks, waz up, whatever I want, and everything I haven't given everyone else
 To: Vince and all the other kids who ask me to buy them cigarettes, I leave you Terry
 To: Caitlin, I leave I'm sorry I'm such a slacker, thanks for the favor, you're the best
 To: Mrs. Javadi, I leave a lot of candy and that dollar I owe you
 To: Mariclare, I leave jo-jos and a bag o' rocks

I, James Thain, being of sleeping mind and dead body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Mike, I leave anime, Nova, LSR, being chased by Mexicans in a Volkswagen, and a bearsuit
 To: Randy, I leave gambling, AMG, and Kid Rock + EBS
 To: Paul, I leave an escaped convict named Bubba looking for some lovin' and a xylophone
 To: Hannah, I leave monkeys, clowns, bronze etc. and vending machine
 To: Jennifer, I leave walking in Japan screaming Oonii Opidesu
 To: Jeremy, I leave a Volvo, and delusions of grandeur
 To: Spencer, I leave ranting and raving in the halls, eavesdropping, and interruption
 To: Ty, I leave the transit center and McDonalds
 To: Jason: I leave LT, Wendy's, Germany, techno, and the beret you left at my house
 To: Erwin Senei, I leave a quiet Japanese class, San Francisco, and doughnut sales
 To: all my teachers, I leave any assignments I didn't do, sleeping, and loud music
 To: Emily, I leave drawing and summer art school
 To: Shawna and Angela, I leave hacking and parties
 To: froshies, I leave tracking shock collars, cages, leashes, and slave drivers
 To: sophomores and up, I leave the keys to the cages and remotes to the shock collars
 To: Gina, I leave a house closer than Canby, poems, and gorillas
 To: Aaron, I leave system shock, bird men, and random lightening
 To: Sally, I leave Korn
 To: Lucca, I leave "Hooray for Boobies" BHG
 To: Caitlin, I leave "The Raccoon"



Soon they'll be gone. That's right. Soon the seniors will be off doing all the things they spent their high school years saying they would be doing if they weren't in school. Here's your last opportunity to catch a glimpse of the wisdom of your elders. Go ahead, ask your favorite seniors to sign this, the final page of the 2000 senior Savant, and reflect on their wisdom in the coming year.

good-bye